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Looking Forward

AS A RULE, a man's sympathies in life are limited by his own necessities—spiritual and physical. A woman who has never wanted a child finds it difficult to sympathize with people who are unhappy without one. A man who has never needed money finds it hard to understand the poverty-pressed unfortunate who steals a suit of clothes or a loaf of bread. People who have never known spiritual anguish have little real appreciation of the need for religion.

APPLIED TO THE material world, the observation remains just as true. It is hard to convince people who ride exclusively in automobiles that street cars are really any longer needed. People who don't like music, and people who want quiet find no place in their homes for a radio. Married people who have too few children, or whose health or happiness is not endangered by the arrival of more, have little interest in or sympathy with a birth control movement.

IN FACT, as a general rule, it can be safely stated that the man who says there is no need for a thing merely is remarking that, so far as he himself is concerned, he doesn't want it.

IN OUR OWN particular case, we happen to like this journal we are publishing. It fills for us a definite need which no other journal exactly satisfies. We find the world, as reported to us, increasingly complex and hard to view simply; and some such sifter as this magazine appeals to us both as a great help and as an interesting relaxation. Therefore, we think it holds a genuine place in present day American life.

IN OURSELVES, however, we are limited, like other human beings. We feel more keenly the need for stressing some things than others. Which leads us to the point of these remarks: What articles and departments do our readers like best? And what subjects, personalities and events do you feel we do not treat at sufficient length?

Letters on this subject will be read with interest and appreciation.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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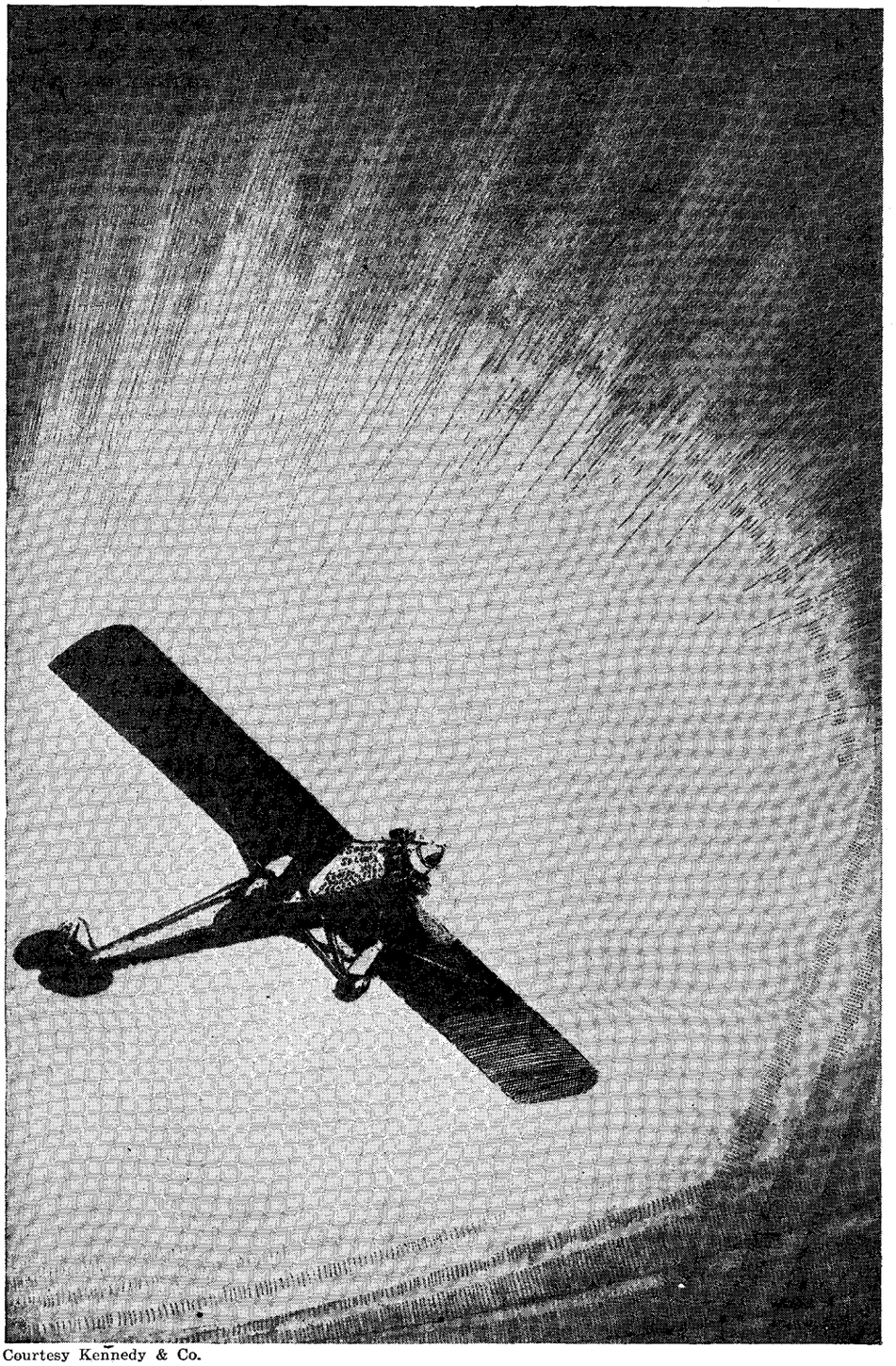

Courtesy Kennedy & Co.

NEW YORK-PARIS, MAY 20-21, 1927
An etching by A. C. WEBB

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Outlook
and Independent
May 22, 1929

Wings Over America

By CHARLES J. V. MURPHY

The progress of aviation for the first twenty-five years was largely dependent on record flights and stunts, on a dramatization of its possibilities. During the next quarter century, as the author points out, it is the ultimate consumer who will determine the pace and nature of its development

ALL OVER the United States, and in Europe, too, flying men and strap-hangers, engineers and transport specialists, are scanning the horizon in an attempt to assess the future of aviation. Within the space of a decade it has become an industry of the first rank; has brought new and lively stocks to the trading posts and new factories to industry. In short, the theory of man-made flight that started in life as a philosophy is now about to go into mass production.

Now, these horizon scanners are looking beyond today and its sprawling activities. Opportunists and specialists, they are looking for the magic key to tomorrow. Will the heavier-than-air machine tag along with the railroad, steamer, and automobile, or will it carve out new paths for itself? Will the airways be "flivverized;" and to what extent is this possible, mechanically and humanly? These questions emerge provocatively from the ballyhoo of aviation-come-of-age, and you may be certain that they are giving its leaders more trouble than ordinary growing pains. Millions of dollars of investments are involved. That the airplane is destined to command a large place in world commerce is conceded. It is the form by which it will achieve the commonplace (which is the hallmark of steady prosperity) that is in doubt.

Meanwhile, with the happy felicity of their kind, the press agents are already entrenched on the flying field, enticing investors and customers in droves with their ruddy, optimistic verbiage.

It is a curious fact that most of the inventions now accepted as indispensable elements of our every-day life were at first derided as freaks. The locomotive, steamboat, and automobile had to break down public skepticism. In the case of the airplane, the outstanding invention of this century, the prejudice ran deeper still. We were a people accustomed to say, "No more than I can fly," when a pretension stepped upon credulity's toes. Even when flight was finally proved practical, it required something like twenty-five years to prove, successively, that the airplane was not primarily a circus accessory and an engine of war, but one of the most flexible, and certainly the speediest, vehicles the machine age has yet produced. Its retarded development was due, in part, to our failure to see what relation it bore to the 5:15 suburban express. Nowadays even an egg-beater must be dramatized when it goes to the market. The automobile had to prove itself on the race-track; the airplane over the Atlantic.

Unquestionably there is much to be said in favor of the scientific side of these stimulative efforts; but in the case of the airplane, particularly, we have seen emphasized, for the first time, the faults that lie in this miscegenated fellowship of theatricalism and science. There comes a stage in mechanical progress where the isolated accomplishment—the record-breaker—almost irretrievably laps its practical application. Witness Major Segrave's recent automobile record of 231 miles an hour at Daytona Beach. Lindbergh's flight, the terrific speed records, the endurance and non-stop flights—all these have tended to give us a false expectancy about aviation which clever promoters are capitalizing. Years from now, when technical difficulties are overcome, these record-breakers may have some commercial significance. But aviation's scope today is much narrower, and few realize it better than the real leaders in the industry.

THEY WISH to lay aside the swagger coat, goggles, and devil-may-care attitude. Dressed in the conservative blue serge of the banker, they are now in quest of the ultimate consumer. In the end, everybody goes to him. He is the automobile and train user; he is industry with cargoes requiring transportation. And aviation, pressing his door bell for the first time, is beginning to realize that his transportation wants are definite. Now the consumer's primary stipulation is something that will serve his business and pleasure needs more efficiently than existing vehicles. Fairly timid by nature, he demands a reliable and economical carrier; the faster it is, the better, but no faster than is consistent with comfort and assured safety. If he is to fly, it will not be to cross the ocean or float through space for 150 hours without refueling. No more spectacular are the needs of commerce—the shipment of cabbages and typewriters, alarm clocks and millinery.

Curiously, the shaping of the in-

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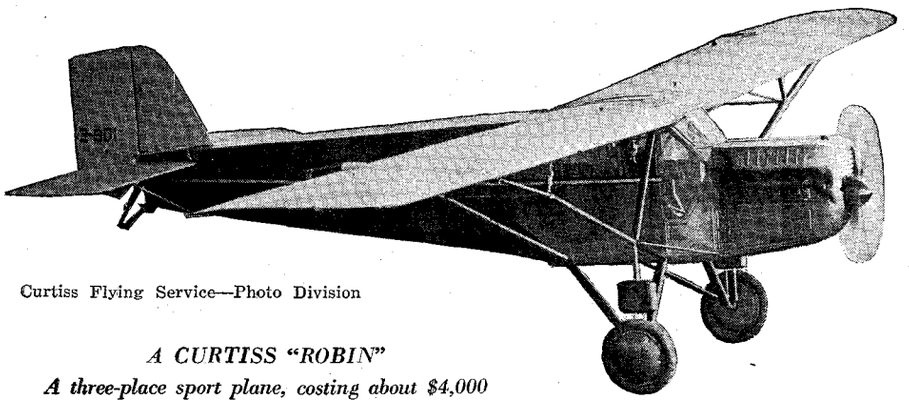

Curtiss Flying Service—Photo Division

A CURTISS "ROBIN"
A three-place sport plane, costing about $4,000

dustry to meet these conditions is coming not so much from airmen as from Wall Street. The bankers, who shied away from the flying machine for years, are grasping for control. Under their financial ministrations, the business of flight is racing through the reorganization that finally gave solidarity to railroading and motoring. Impecunious but brilliant builders are being incorporated; struggling air lines are being gobbled up and merged into cohesive airways; interlocking directorates are binding together designers, manufacturers, and operators. Capital is flowing into every phase of aeronautics, and million-dollar mergers and organizations are being announced almost as fast as mimeographs can carry the tidings to the press.

Here, then, is the financial emancipation for which aviation waited for years, its liberation from the widow's mite doled out in the form of military contracts. The first effects of the transition are now visible on every flying field. Here are ships plumaged as gay as tropical birds. Comfort, elegance, and novelty have taken the place of severe economy of military design. From two-place sport planes to luxuriously appointed express cruisers, these new models have been designed to persuade the mind and body.

YET HERE, too, become evident the faults inherent in an abrupt change of direction. One notices planes designed and put into production with scant attention to the need for them, the manifest superiority of craft already on the market, the strict regulations of the Department of Commerce. When the War and Navy Departments' technical boards practically shaped airplane production, such impractical designs would have perished on the blue prints. But now the scramble for the consumer is on, and everybody, remembering the millionaires created by the automobile, wants to be in on the ground floor. Until the consumer begins to use the air for another purpose than simply filling his lungs; until he learns the significances of wing-loading, climbing, and landing speeds, and then begins to make his wants felt more decisively, this sort of thing will continue. It is an inescapable consequence of industry-in-transition.

WHICH BRINGS US up to our original questions. Shall we buy airplanes and use them as freely as we do automobiles? Or shall we (and here I have in mind the great conglomerate mass of us who comprise the so-called ultimate consumer) be content, in the main, to buy a seat in a transport plane as we now do on a train?

The controversy over these questions has created two fairly definite groups within the industry. One argues that the small plane, the flivver plane, is destined to rule the flying field. The other group—and it is easily the more powerful—contends that the airplane, if allowed to follow its logical development, will serve chiefly as another common carrier, independent of and supplementary to the railroad, steamer, and motor-truck. Conflicting the issues is the fact that there is, at this writing, a profitable and increasing demand for both classes. Because of this general demand, the result of exploitation of all kinds of air lines, few concerns have undertaken to limit themselves to a single type. The 178 companies manufacturing airplanes in the United States are following the path of least resistance, hopeful that one of their models will be the Model T of the air.

Unless it responds to some striking mechanical improvement, it is unlikely that the airplane will achieve that popularity. For, despite the persuasiveness of the idea of contemplating skies bustling with aircraft, we cannot overlook the fact that airplanes are expensive, their operation is still a job for specialists, and their use limited, substantially, by landing and take-off speeds of forty miles an hour, the necessity of large and expensive landing spaces, and by fog and storm.

"Beyond a doubt the time is not far distant when every one may fly," Igor Sikorsky, designer of multi-engined planes, has said. "We shall be able to buy a seat and fly anywhere. But I doubt that we shall ever see the airplane rival the automobile as a privately operated vehicle. It requires too much money and technic. Naturally, there will be a demand for sport planes for private use, but this will come from the limited and wealthy group of sportsmen who enjoy the excitement of speed boats. Most of us must wait until the airplane becomes a common carrier and flight is sold in bulk, as it is on steamers and trains."

Consequently, Mr. Sikorsky has limited the production of his factory to multi-engined planes. On the other hand, the recently reorganized Fokker Company has promised to undertake a manufacturing program ranging from cheap, small planes to thirty-two-passenger transport ships, costing $100,000. This same diversity of opinion extends to the motor field. Wright, builder of the celebrated Whirlwind, has gone into production on a new series stepping down from the 550 h.p. Cyclone to a 150 h.p. plant for small planes. Pratt & Whitney, on the other hand, is ignoring the small plane and ascending from 425 h.p. Wasps and 550 h.p. Hornets to motor plants developing 700 h.p. and more.

LEST IT BE judged from this that small planes are not as safe and useful in their place as the bigger craft, I hasten to say that there are many splendid sport planes on the market today. What is frankly in doubt is whether the demand for them will ever be great enough to encourage the mass production that alone can bring them within reach of the average pocketbook, and whether the obstacles now circumscribing their use can be immediately disposed of. Consider the average automobile user today—a man with an income of about $4,500, two or three children, a job that keeps him at his desk most of the day and a pressure of installment payments that keeps his pocketbook chronically flat. His auto

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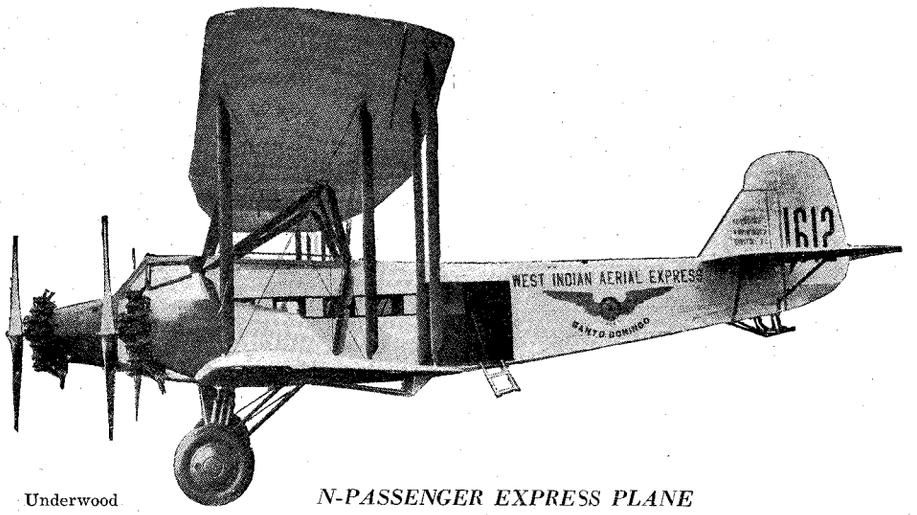
mobile costs him about $1,500; if he has not already learned to drive it, he can do so with little time and expense. But his initiation into aviation will be more expensive and prolonged.

Everywhere we see advertisements, "Learn to fly in ten lessons." Bunk! "Airdrome pilots" can be made within that time; taught enough to fly around an airport. But who wants to fly around an airport? To train a pilot capable of meeting emergencies latent in any cross-country trip—who will know how to bring down his ship safely if the motor cuts out and that sort of thing—takes forty or fifty hours of intensive study.

Considering the time lost in commuting to and from the airport for practical instruction; the fact, too, that such instruction costs several thousand dollars, it becomes evident the average man can't afford it. Yet, if he is to fly safely, he must know these things. For all the progress made in simplifying the technic of the pilot, the "fool proof" plane is still very distant. The major transport companies won't trust a shipload of passengers and freight to a pilot unless he has had 200 or more hours in the air.



Underwood

N-PASSENGER EXPRESS PLANE

Designed for use in the West Indies and fitted with every luxury for the tropical service

NEXT ARISES the problem of the vehicle. There are more than a hundred models to pick from, ranging from two-seater, single-engined planes, costing $2,000 and more, up to multi-engined planes embodying every possible refinement. Certainly the average family head, assuming he wants to fly, would have little use for the two-place, open-cockpit plane. He needs more space, more comfort. And the good cabin ships, with plenty of power and space, cost from $6,000 to $25,000 and even more.

Nor is it conceivable that the acquisition of a plane would dispense with the need of an automobile—not until back-yards and office roofs become airports. Not many of us, the family budget being what it is, can afford to take on this new and extra vehicle. Far-fetched? Possibly, but a factor that must be considered in any evaluation of the heavier-than-air machine in its present form.

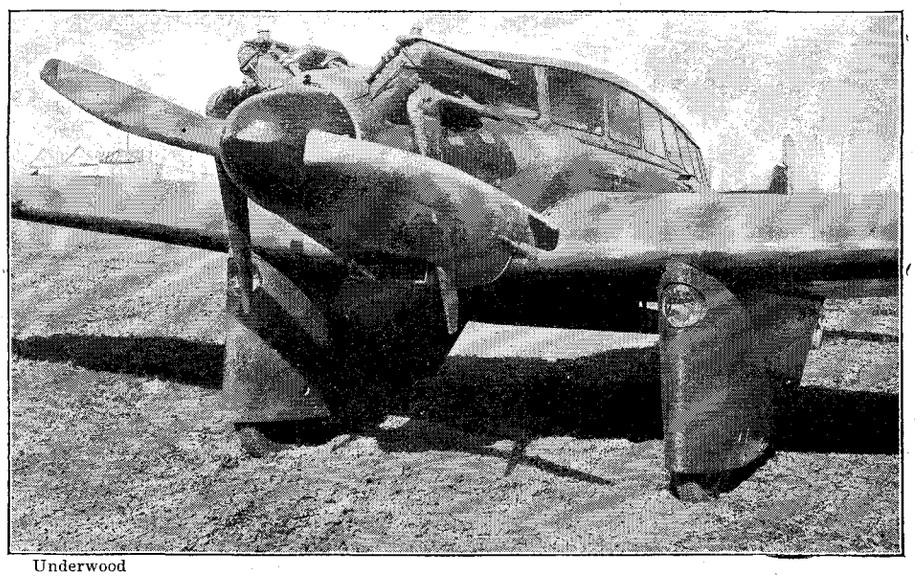
As for the flivver plane, it is the real question mark. I have seen many so-called—dinky, mosquito-like craft, with motors ranging from two-lunged wheezers to 100 horse. The best ones are too expensive and specialized to merit the classification. The others, on the whole, fail to fulfill their promise, which is to forecast an airplane, aerodynamically sound, adequately powered and fool proof, and standardized enough to be turned out by the thousands.

Even Ford, one of the first to take it up, has dropped the aerial flivver. His factories are now concentrating in trimotored transport planes, costing upwards of $85,000.

"What we need," Charles L. Lawrence, President of Wright, has said, "is lower prices, and lower prices are dependent upon mass production. In the motor field, at least, we have barely got our production started."

Which is true enough. There are less than six thousand planes registered in the United States. Less than five thousand were built last year. Of these, only fifteen per cent were for distinctly personal use. Flying, as Roger Babson has said, is still for the millionaires, not the millions.

It is in the field of commercial transport—the carrying of passengers, mail and freight—that aeronautical activity has been greatest. It seems the logical proving ground for the flying machine, yet only lately, with the exception of the splendid pioneering work of the air mail, was it undertaken on a large scale in the United States. Europe jumped into aerial transport immediately after the War. True, it had a more pressing need for it. The War had demonstrated the mobility of aircraft. With frontiers only a few hours removed from enemy hangars, there was an imperative need of building up commercial air services that might, in the event of war, be immediately translated into military air forces.



Underwood

IN THE $2,500 CLASS

A single-motored stream line plane of unusual design

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THEN, TOO, there was the added incentive of improving railway communications, cutting down the customs delays at national borders. Consequently commercial aviation in Europe is in a fine state of flowering. It has been aided, it must be said, by generous subsidies. Behind this development also lies a diplomatic *raison d'être*. With thin airlines, England is bringing her scattered colonies nearer to her factories and Downing Street. From her converted cow pasture, Le Bourget, France, is weaving a web of aerial communications encompassing all Europe. Germany's splendid operating company, Lufthansa, serves sixty capital cities.

From Croydon, Le Bourget, and Tempelhof airdromes, huge passenger-carrying ships arrive and depart with the casual regularity of crack trains. Approximately forty-nine thousand miles of air routes are now regularly traversed in Europe. Some idea of the magnitude of these operations may be had from the fact that the German lines, which operate 18,000 miles of airways, carried 111,000 passengers in 1928. Even the Far East is sensing this new impulse. There the economic rivalry that used to be waged with steamers, donkeys, and camels is going aloft. For the airplane is the short cut to everywhere. In Indo-China, Africa, and India, where railroads and steamers must make sweeping detours, the airplane, regardless of jungle, mountain, or desert underneath, commands the highly desirable short distance between two points.

But the short cut that diplomacy sees fit to subsidize is not always patronized by business. That is one reason why transport aviation in the United States has been retarded. Business is primarily concerned with profits. The airplane offers greater speed than the railroad; it is also more expensive. Yet speed is a tangible economic factor. Where the less thoughtful promoters have erred is in mistaking speed for time saving. To attract traffic in profitable quantities and justify its higher tariff, air transports must be able to deliver cargoes from the point of origin to destination faster than the railroad. The same rule applies to passengers. Which brings us up to the great bogy of contemporary aviation—the inaccessibility of airports. Recently it was estimated that the average airport is seven miles distant from the center of the municipality it serves, and is even more distant from the larger cities. Suburban traffic being what it is, an average of two hours is lost just in getting to and from air terminals.

It is obvious, therefore, that the airplane cannot efficiently compete with the railroads, with their centrally-placed terminals, on the shorter runs. Thus far, every attempt to build up a service between New York and Washington and Boston has collapsed. "From 300 to 600 miles is the worst possible distance for an overland air route," the Department of Commerce has warned. "It is economically unsound to run airlines over routes already well served by railroads, if the distance between the terminals is such as to make an easy night's journey by train."

OUTSIDE THIS RADIUS the airplane's greater velocities—the newer passenger planes cruise comfortably as high as 130 miles per hour—becomes a saleable commodity. By air New York is only seven hours from Chicago and thirty from San Francisco, considerable savings, indeed, in our economic system of rapid-fire distribution. The mail has already educated commerce to these advantages; the passenger's turn is impending. Beginning this summer, three of the most powerful transport groups in the country, the Trans-Continental Air Transport, Boeing, and Fokker-Western Air, will make an energetic bid for passenger traffic. In every sense it is an experiment. Heretofore most of the successful operators have discouraged passenger traffic. Pound for pound, mail and freight have yielded a greater income than passengers could have afforded to pay; besides, they entailed none of the troublesome and costly contingencies of passenger liability, air-sickness and non-profit-yielding "leg room."

In co-operation with the Pennsylvania Railroad, Trans-Continental Air Transport will open a forty-eight-hour air and rail service across the continent in August. Trains will carry the passengers between New York and Columbus, Ohio, thus obviating the necessity of flying over the dangerous, often fog-bound Pennsylvania mountains. Luxuriously appointed Fords and Keystone Patricians—veritable flying Pullmans—will carry them on through the day; and at night they will be connected with the train that left the day before.

It is unquestionably the most ambitious transport enterprise yet undertaken in American aviation. Some two

(Please Turn to Page 158)

Curtiss Flying Service—Photo Division

THE IRELAND FLYING BOAT OVER MANHATTAN

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A War Without a Hero

By T. R. YBARRA

PARIS.

THACKERAY called Vanity Fair "A Novel Without a Hero." Is the World War to go down in history as "The War Without a Hero?"

This query is prompted by the argument, now raging here and all over Europe, regarding the exact position which the late Marshal Foch is destined to occupy in the annals of his own country and the world at large. Ever since his death articles have been appearing in France and the rest of Europe seeking to prove him great or small, inspired or lucky.

In France, of course, the laudatory judgments outnumber the others—Frenchmen who deny to Foch the supreme honors remain temperate, nevertheless, in their adverse criticisms. But elsewhere in Europe—above all, naturally, in Germany—there is often no such moderation. To most Germans still smarting under defeat, and to some judges of other nations, Foch appears as a man of luck not genius—a good general, perhaps, but not an inspired one—a resolute and successful leader but by no means qualified to sit in the august company of Frederick the Great and Napoleon, Hannibal and Julius Caesar, Turenne and Marlborough and Von Moltke.

From Germans, such opinions are but natural; what Frenchman, after all, can give full credit to the genius of Von Moltke, what Gaul was entirely unbiased in rendering to Caesar what was Caesar's? But, as has been remarked, it is not the Germans only who shake their heads in doubt when the question of Foch's greatness comes up. Confront a Frenchman in the full tide of praise for the hero of the Armistice of 1918 with the question: "Do you class Foch with Napoleon?" and it is ten to one that he will pull himself up abruptly, grow incoherent, spar for time, and, finally—confess there is a big gulf between the glory of Foch, great though it is, and the peerless glory achieved by the victor of Austerlitz and Jena and Wagram.

So, even in France, they are still asking the question: "Who—if any one—will go down in history as the hero of the World War?"

Even here—and more so in other countries—Joffre, though soon pushed aside, won a something which fate denied to Foch—a something of affection, a place in people's hearts, a love which never came to the cold intellectual who broke the German attack at the Marne, and, in the hour of direst peril, was chosen alike by Frenchmen and their foreign allies as the man best qualified to save France and the Allied cause. Moreover, one has but to look across the Rhine to realize that Von Hindenburg, though the supreme leader of those German armies crushed to the ground by Foch and his subordinate generals, has wrung from his native land a love which Foch never inspired. Today Von Hindenburg, president of the German Republic reared on the ruins of the German Empire which collapsed because the armies under his command had failed to win their battles, occupies a pinnacle which Ferdinand Foch, feted and acclaimed as the Allied victor par excellence, somehow never contrived to scale. Hindenburg's position in relation to Foch is, in a way, analogous to that of Wellington in relation to Napoleon.

ENGLAND SHOWERED honors on him, the Europe which, for years, had been trampled under foot by the Corsican, enthusiastically seconded Wellington's countrymen in their acclamation. Yet—which of the two bulks clearer in English minds, clearer in the minds of the natives of those continental European lands which the Corsican subjugated and the Iron Duke helped to liberate? Are they more conscious of their hero or of their hated foe? About whom do Prussians know most—Blücher or Bonaparte? What Austrian, who knows all the details of how Napoleon crushed the Austrian army at Austerlitz and Wagram, can tell you much about Prince Schwarzenberg, who led the Austrians into Paris after Napoleon's downfall?

Therefore, it will be nothing unprecedented if history, within a half century or so, has more to say of Hindenburg (or Ludendorff) than of Foch or Haig. Or, maybe, force of personality will make the Grand Duke Nicholas, the intrepid and outstanding commander of the Russian allies of France and England, loom clearer to the eye of the historian than he who, in that fateful November of 1918, dictated terms of surrender to the crestfallen representatives of routed Germany.

WHAT, FOR INSTANCE, of Georges Clemenceau? Some, in France and elsewhere, think he outfought Foch in the World War's battles. What of David Lloyd George? Did not the tireless little Welshman provide Haig and Haig's comrades, British and foreign, with shot and shell for smashing Germany, did he not keep up the morale of that most important of all fronts, the front behind the front?

What—last but by no means least—of Woodrow Wilson? Are his admirers right or wrong in saying that, when the memory of the battles of the World War is dimmed and the thunder of the speeches of Clemenceau and Lloyd George and Bethmann-Hollweg swallowed in the vastness of the years, the name of the man who dared advocate a League of Nations will be alive and honored? Who knows?

One keen observer of world events, a cynical lover of paradox, a despiser of the commonplace in judgment of world affairs, has gone so far as to say that Wilhelm Hohenzollern's name will be remembered before all others connected with the World War because he precipitated it and, since he thereby differentiated himself from all other men of his time, is destined to be remembered by history before Foch and Clemenceau, Lloyd George and Haig, Wilson and Pershing, Hindenburg and Ludendorff and Bethmann-Hollweg.

A paradox indeed, a Gilbertian paradox! But the fact that some one has dared enunciate it, with the wail of the funeral marches played for Ferdinand Foch still ringing in our ears, with the thud of the boots of the soldiers from all the Allied nations who marched behind his dead body still reverberating in our memories, serves to illustrate the skepticism of mankind ten years after the Armistice that was Ferdinand Foch's doing. Will capricious history exalt above the names of all the compellers of victory in the Great War the name of some general whom they defeated—or, maybe, of some civilian who, while the fighting was on, aroused in them nothing but impatience and contempt? Who knows?

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An Agnostic

ANONYMOUS

So great has been the interest shown in the series of religious confessions, that we are glad to be able to announce that we have a few more to publish. The present confession has something to say about the much-discussed cult of Buchmanism

IF THERE is a God, His existence must be, to a matter-of-fact generation, a miracle. This is no reason for atheism since we live in an age of frequent miracles; it simply forces us into an agnostic position. We shall, surely, be quick to recognize the miracle when it appears; but, as surely, we shall not be frightened into a premature acquiescence by the Nazarene's curse upon the "wicked and adulterous generation" that asked after a sign.

Thus we consider the question of God's existence from the same frank viewpoint as, for example, we consider the question of life on other planets, or what happens to the human spirit when the body dies: we do not know. Since the acceptance of God implies so complete a surrender to His will, so overwhelming a subjugation to His laws, this request for evidence of Him would seem to be reasonable. In the meantime, it does not matter so much. We are not, of course, completely satisfied. We do not find fruition of our desires on this earth, and it is difficult to see that mankind is marching toward any goal except darkness and defeat; but, at the same time, there is no reason why we should ask for anything else. We see brevity well handled in the flower and we are not over-disturbed by its fading. It is, at least, an interesting and colorful world, with more than enough of beauty to make amends for eventual oblivion.

How general this spirit of agnosticism is among the young people of today is not easy to calculate. Active belief in God is likely to be a line of demarcation in human relationships; the agnostic tends to find his friendships among his kind. In any event, this generation is not so important to the working out of this attitude as the one to follow. Most of us—at least most of those who are thinking of this problem at all—come from parents who are fairly strict believers and whose faith we have rejected; the next generation will, therefore, come from parents without faith, in the accepted sense of the word, and what its members will do with this condition will be of more vital interest. The year 1950 will supply a better test of the validity of our irreligious inclinations. We shall learn more from the future than from the past; the past was mixed up by a war and a sudden resurgence of moral and mental freedom. There were four years when the world was upside down, and it has regained its posture slowly, only not to quite the same angle.

But even the disruption of those deplorable years does not explain how we should have so completely put aside the religion which our parents gave us as the immutable and enduring basis of the good life. Nor does the mere fact of youth explain it; the difference in outlook is too drastic to be attributed to any superficial distinction in age. Reversing the Bible saying, we have rejected the stone which the builders placed at the head of the corner. In my own experience my paternal grandfather was a minister whose fearless and liberal faith sounded a new trumpet-call for his church while for him it brought the charge of heresy; and I can remember very vividly his picture on the front page of a New York newspaper with the caption: "Aged cleric makes brilliant defense." On my mother's side, my grandfather was for years an elder in the church, a lawyer prominent in his profession, for me a very great man whose devotion to God is a signal memory of my childhood. Some of his letters I still have, written in his careful, age-shaken hand; one when I was 15:

> "I have written you many notes but they lacked ink and paper, and never got in the mail. This afternoon I have got a sheet of note paper and can talk to you over the snowy hills and the cold trees just as though you were in our dining-room with the cheery wood fire. And what shall I say to the one boy whom of all the boys in the world I love the most? Simply this, learn to think of and love the Lord Jesus Christ more and more every day. One of these years, if you live, you will be as old as I am in my eighty-fourth year, and then you will see the great need of a Saviour—one able and most willing to save. Try to please Him every day, to love and follow Him, to trust and obey Him. Then there is no fear of death; and one grows nobler and purer every day.
>
> "The world has but little to give, the Lord Christ everything.
>
> "And now as I finish this little note I wish to say to you that we will love Him together, you the young lad, and I the old man, and that whether young or old we will try to follow Him."

As I read these over, then—and only then—do I wonder if perhaps I have lost something which might have been mine.

So from the very beginning I was given, through my grandfather, a strong, almost personal relationship with the son of God, greater than anything I ever found later in the church or out of it. With the same devoutness, but in a much less personal way, my parents carried on this religious tradition. When I joined the church, the decision was regarded as a momentous and sacred event. It seems to me that I tried very hard to be a good Christian—a term which has a somewhat odious implication today,—but it was, of course, a ready-made religion, cut to no pattern of my own. I accepted it wholly from my parents, and was concerned with no problems more vital than a consideration of how God would decide, if I should pray for my basketball team to win and my opponent should pray for his. Obviously, God's decision would have to rest upon the question as to which one was the morally better boy; but sometimes the verdict, when rendered, did not seem to be based upon the evidence.

LITTLE MORE complicated (although a little less hopeful) was the religious teaching which developed at the conventional New England school where I prepared for college. This particular period represents as a rule, the first consciousness of religion as a plan of life, intellectually and emotionally conceived; but it is, of course, a superficial consciousness without the mystical element which is likely to follow early

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in college. By popular endorsement it manages to glorify somewhat the old adult commandments. It appeals to the "manly qualities" in a boy's nature, but there is very little stress put upon the spiritual link between God and man. The public explanation of religion by the visiting preacher or the boys' discussion groups was always one promulgating strong moral doctrines—courage, self-sacrifice, purity, etc. Behind all this high-strung idealism there lurked, at least, a shadowy and very remote Christ; the boys even hesitated and stumbled in pronouncing the name of the Nazarene, because it seemed to make any sentiment almost too exalted.

HENCE IT WAS impossible to discuss this question of the Spirit behind religious or moral creeds; and these creeds themselves one mentioned only at the Sunday evening Bible groups. Any expression of religious sentiment was therefore reserved for certain somewhat unnatural occasions; and religion became a distant, repressed, somewhat gloomy influence, like a coffin in the library. Indeed, this conversational repression is one of the tragedies of early religious experience. A boy's hesitant and shy questionings are easily withered by tactlessness and incomprehension; and practically every one withers them. This is not intentional. It is a result, I believe, of a fundamental religious dishonesty of which both the adult and the child are vaguely aware. In any event, to a boy no other subject on earth, except sex, is surrounded with so many tribal taboos. To talk naturally about it is impossible unless the discussion is confined to points of doctrine.

It can be imagined that college gives rough treatment to this tenuous idealism of the schoolboy's faith. Even such a place as Princeton, supposed to draw largely from the "better class," presents a fairly diversified collection of individuals with varying standards; as always in a group, these standards tend to converge at an average and rather low level. The individual finding his hitherto untested ideals shaken by conflict, declares a temporary armistice by merging them with those of the crowd. Then there begins the search for a source of strength—some iron to stiffen a creed; and at this point the now widely employed type of college evangelism makes its appeal,—the Christianity of the personal, communicative God, which is the prevailing motif among college religious organizations and which finds fanatic expression in the cult of Buchmanism.

The influence of Frank Buchman burst upon the Princeton campus very much in the manner of a storm, after the arrival of which every one recalls a multitude of signs foretelling it. He was a slight, sharply-featured man with a receding chin, not prepossessing in appearance, but unquestionably sincere and, in a restrained way, dynamic. Whether from conscious policy or from ordinary human preference he went after the "big people." He liked "interesting sinners," he said, using one of the expressions from his catalog of phrases, terse, sometimes slightly disgusting, — "Constipated Christians," "Come clean," "Confidence," "Confession," "Conviction," "Conversion," "Continuance;" acrostics, too:— "J-E-S-U-S, Just Exactly Suits Us Sinners." A bagful of tawdry phrases into which his personality breathed a surprising vigor.

His house-parties were famous. Sometimes a mixed company was invited, sometimes only one sex. There would be a short meeting in the afternoon to prepare the atmosphere. Then walks, during which the walkers, aware that something was brewing, would broach some of the problems that were baffling them. After dinner the group sat in a circle while Frank Buchman told one of his stories of "twice-born men," usually one about a man named Bill Pickle. As the discussion developed along general religious lines, there would be the customary stock questions —"Is there a personal God?" "How can we communicate with Him?" "How are we to determine what His will is in our lives?" The comments would become more and more personal, the sense of shyness and shame would be lost in an ecstasy of self-revelation, and the meeting would become an intense dramatic confessional, profoundly moving the participants.

THAT WAS the program. Its success is not difficult to understand if one remembers how impressionable the undergraduate is likely to be. Nothing is more natural than that the young student, conscious of his own dissatisfaction and ineffectiveness, with all of a youth's hunger for the ideal, should eagerly accept a Christianity which promises personal communion with God —an intimate and recognizable relationship with the Creator. The way to this holy friendship is found in complete surrender to God's will and in the frank confession of one's sins—a theory of confession differing from Catholicism in that there is no appointed priest, but only one's fellow laymen.

Surrender to God's will implied the sacrifice of material ambitions for some social cause; confession of sins, as developed under Frank Buchman, involved the narration of one's evil thoughts and actions (largely sexual) to one another or before a group. The leaders of the Buchman movement stated that they worked by "hunches" —direct intimations from God as to what they should do; the college of my day—seven or eight years ago—was less sophisticated than the present run of undergraduates; the young men responded with eager hearts to this sacrificial religion and laid bare their vices, their desires, before tense groups of friends and little-known acquaintances. We were to carry our outspoken faith into highways and byways, and do our praying, as much as possible, in public.

EVEN NOW I can scarcely look back upon that period without a shudder. I was continually being "a fool for Christ's sake," and drew little enough pleasure therefrom. It was all, in short, perfectly horrible. A few converts lasted, but most of them suffered a sharp reaction. They came to the conclusion that the way to God was not barred by their own sin, as others told them, but simply because there was no God.

In my last year at college I remember putting that spontaneously, if somewhat foolishly, to a test. Although connected with the college religious organization, I had largely withheld myself from Buchmanism because of an inherent distrust; but I had thought a great deal about God and religion in my four years, often in an agony of desire. I had been active in a number of university enterprises and was fairly prominent on the campus; I could conscientiously say that a large part of these efforts had been directed to the best of my ability, towards the service of my religious beliefs. Yet I was not happy in my faith, and in such things as the problem of sex it had left me floundering, demanding a repression which I now think was distinctly bad.

All the months of tortured wondering about these things reached an insistent climax one spring night when I

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Real Estate and the Simple Smiths

By EUDORA RAMSAY RICHARDSON

The moral of this tale, the author concludes, is that "such as the Smiths should learn to take care of themselves." We wonder if all realtors will agree that there is no other alternative

THIS IS a story with a moral. It is a story as all-American as baseball and the Kiwanis Club, dealing as it does with the laudable triumph of business. The hero is the real-estate man and the villains are the Smiths—villain according to the Old English connotation of the word.

Tom and Molly Smith were married in those halcyon days after the War when faith in all things American was at full tide, when orators orated of brotherly love even while they hurled invectives at the Germans and stirred up enmity against the yellow man. Tom and Molly read the newspapers with religious zeal, believing all that was written therein. They lived in a rented apartment, owned a Ford car, saved a little money each month, and were quite happy as married people growing used to each other should expect to be. It was Molly who discovered, with the aid of the real-estate ads, that she and Tom could live more economically in a home which they would pay for on the installment plan.

"Listen to this," she commanded, beginning at once to read aloud the alluring words of the realtor.

" 'Let your rent money pay for a house. Six-room modern home available for small cash payment and a sum each month that amounts to no more than your rent. In a few years your house will belong to you, and you will be emancipated from the landlord.' "

Tom being visibly impressed, Molly telephoned the real-estate firm. Their young man called immediately and he was just the young man to beguile a girl like Molly. Such a friendly, sympathetic person he proved to be, with his cute little mustache and his manicured hands. He lived to serve. There could be no doubt of it. He wanted Molly to have the home that would make her happy. It wasn't money that he sought—but the advancement of the community through happiness, industry, and thrift.

So the Smiths sank their savings in a six-room, semi-detached house in the heart of the city, and, what with taxes and insurance and up-keep and those easy monthly payments, contributed no more to the People's Bank.

Five years later the realtor's young man called again. He had learned, it seemed, that increases had come to the Smiths in the way of family and salary. Consequently he had come to offer a charming home in the suburbs, where little Smiths could sail their toy boats on a crystal lake, where pure air would fill the lungs, where birds sang at dawning, and whippoor-wills chorused by moonlight. He was sorry that the firm was not just now taking town houses in exchange for those in the new suburb. Yet the Smiths had nothing to fear. He would take care of them. In some way he would dispose of the six-room semi-detached house. Accordingly the Smiths, with little Tom and little Molly, moved into the open spaces.

In due course of time they found themselves possessed of eight tenant houses instead of the semi-detached, each renting for $12.50 a month. They figured the interest on the investment and were satisfied, forgetting momentarily the $350 commission they had paid. The realtors, however, had pocketed twice that sum for the transaction—the owner of the eight tenant houses having also paid a commission. The Smiths, poor innocents, couldn't have known that the class of people who are supposed to pay $12.50 for houses pay nothing. When rent is overdue to the point of embarrassment, they simply move out, taking or leaving their ten-dollars' worth of household goods.

AT THE END of a year the Smiths had paid taxes and insurance and up-keep upon the eight houses, and the agents had kept the few dollars fortuitously collected from rent and auction sales as their lawful commission for handling the property. At the moment when the Smiths were lowest in their minds the young man arrived with another proposition. He offered for the eight tenant houses a cute little chicken farm already stocked with half a hundred darling white leghorns, an incubator, and a venerable care-taker so philosophical as to be willing to remain in his healthful location the rest of his allotted days. The Smiths, by this time catching at straws, quickly consummated the deal—to find, when it was too late, that it were better to have borne those ills they had than fly to others they knew not of. The salesman, however, bought a new car with the commissions made from the Smiths and from the former owner of the chicken farm. Later when his profitable victims had discovered that philosophical care-takers and snowy leghorns are expensive and most inexorable luxuries, he could return with other suggestions for relief. By that time, he cogitated, his car would need new tires and a coat of paint. Indeed it behooved him to see to it that the bonds holding the Smiths were never cut.

SUPPOSE, moreover, our friends for one reason or another desire to be rid of their home in the suburbs, no relief is to be had from the agent. Nor can the unfortunate owners expect aid and succor elsewhere. Each suburban development is promoted by its firm of realtors and posted with signs of "No Trespassing," visible only to the eyes of the trade. The success of a subdivision depends upon home owners who appear permanent and satisfied and upon the number of new houses that can be quickly built and as quickly occupied. All shifting of population is, therefore, to be discouraged. Accordingly, co-operation of rival firms, with developments of their own to promote, is attributable to the old instinct of self-protection. So the Smiths, unable to sell, sit tight and for two reasons join the boosters of the suburb: if you have to live in a place, you might as well make the best of the situation; and, besides, if you run down your home, you destroy even a remote and unlikely chance of selling it. Of course, if the Smiths should move out and leave their house unoccupied, the chances in favor of its being sold are not preponderant, for vacant houses disfigure a suburb. Already deeply involved in unprofitable real estate, however, they are in no financial condition to assume further risks.

The realtors, moreover, in their highly praiseworthy endeavor to wrest a living from their community, have another little invention that ministers to their

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need, namely, the commission which the contractor permits to be added to the selling price of the house. If the house is already standing when such as the Smiths choose their location, the extortion is unavoidable by those who, though building according to their own specifications, are ignorant of the practice. Real-estate firms have their pet contractors with whom business arrangements are entirely satisfactory. After the builder has figured the cost and added his own comfortable profit, he tucks in a neat percentage for the real estate firm that threw the business his way—the bill, of course, to be paid by the future occupant of the house. In the event that a vacant lot is bought, the salesman offers to assist in every way to the end that his client will get the sort of home he wants. He suggests the contractor and acts as intermediary. Such as the Smiths seldom ask for detailed estimates that include sub-bids. The Joneses, with a strain of Scotch blood in their veins, were clever enough to employ their own architect and, according to careful specifications, to get competitive bids on their proposed home, requiring in addition itemized estimates from all the bidders. In this way they discovered that the realtor would have received a thousand dollars of Jones money if the pet contractor were awarded the contract.

YET THE REALTOR was working not only within the law, but he trod the path his predecessors have blazed, the path his associates and his competitors are following. A successful real-estate deal is a triangular affair. The base is the salesman; the sides are the parties of the two parts, which are to be drawn to the consummation of the deal, represented by the apex. A lawyer has but one client at a time, whose cause he momentarily espouses. Success depends upon the earnestness and skill with which the client's case is pleaded. A doctor deals directly with his patient. An architect draws house plans to suit his customer. The contractor must carry out the specifications of the man who employs him. The real-estate salesman, however, has two customers—the man with property to be sold and the man with inclination to buy. It is his task to convince the one that he is getting the top price and the other that he is getting a bargain. Consequently, the salesman who is operating entirely within the law and who has nothing to hide concerning his transactions is constantly guilty of dealings that cannot be measured by the highest ethical standards. Since sufficient publicity has been given to the bold schemes that have caught their deplorable toll of victims, I am dealing merely with the legitimate tactics employed openly by those firms that maintain highly respected positions in every urban community.

THE STRUGGLE for existence, occasioned by the terrific overcrowding of the profession, is probably responsible for the fine ingenuity salesmen develop. Gentlemen must live, of course, whether it be by the sweat of the brow or by the gullibility of their fellows. In one typical city, selected because it has suffered no booms, the approximate population of which is two hundred thousand, there are 175 real-estate firms and around five hundred salesmen and brokers; while the city supports less than four hundred lawyers and less than four hundred doctors of medicine, including surgeons and other specialists. In the light of the certainty that a vast majority of the citizens frequently are in need of medical care and that bootlegging and similar professions need the services of the law, the number of real-estate dealers appears disproportionate to the people's probable wants. Figures taken from the Bureau of Vital Statistics show for the State in which our rather typical city is located an adult population only slightly over fifty per cent of the whole. Since half that number are women who, generally speaking, own no homes or own homes jointly with men, there are at the maximum fifty thousand prospects to be worked upon by the five hundred dealers, or a hundred prospects per dealer, the estimate including, of course, negroes, paupers, other permanent tenants, those who board, and the element represented by those persons who have bought their homes and intend to remain therein. So the boys who sell real estate are put to it to banish that lean and hungry look. They are indeed to be commended for the cleverness with which they have impregnated necessity and brought forth cunning little inventions to take care of their old age.

The heftiest brain child is the trade practiced with such eminent success upon the Smiths. The trade is giving permanence and stability to the real estate business. The man who has a house to sell is invariably offered another in exchange for it—or a lot—or a nice little farm beyond the city limits. Perhaps he gets a bit of cash, but he gets also something for which he has no use and which he empowers the salesman to dispose of as quickly as possible. The salesman gets not only the commission immediately at hand but hope of another commission when the second piece of property is sold—and so on *ad infinitum*. So a perpetual wave is set in motion, on the crest of which the real estate business is floated in comparative safety.

They are wide-awake—these salesmen in their well-pressed suits and their shiny cars. They seldom miss a trick—not they—and they seldom lose a victim once caught in the meshes of their nets. Invariably the real estate dealer is a public spirited citizen. Since his sort of business is built upon personal contacts and wide acquaintance, he joins everything to which he is admitted, from the Chamber of Commerce to the Lions. If no invitations are forthcoming, he organizes a boosting club of his own. He solicits contributions during the community-fund drives, and he sits on enough charity boards to effect a permanent twist in his spine. There is simply no telling when an institution will be in need of a new home, when the city will move its library, or when the Rotarians will decide that they should have a whole city block for their boys' club. One can't be caught napping if real estate is his chosen calling. Indeed, according to certain standards, there could be nothing more commendable than the way the salesmen improve their opportunities.

FOR INSTANCE, via a route neither circuitous nor questionable, a salesman in a city in quite another part of the country from that in which our typical city is located learned that the library board had agreed upon a certain old residence as suitable for one of its branches. Presenting himself to his friend, the president of the board, he was commissioned to try to buy the house. Now it happened that the alert fellow already had two prospects for that very piece of property. Accordingly he bestirred himself. Time was short. Therefore he had to work quickly. Since the old residence had long lain idle and the owner was in consequence exceedingly eager to sell, the salesman had dug up a prospect who owned similarly unproductive property and was open to almost any sort of trade. Another man had been looking

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The Trend of Events

"Broccoli" in Britain

LIBERALS and Laborites pounced on Premier Baldwin's assertion that under the Conservative Government even English-grown broccoli had begun to penetrate Continental markets.

"What is the Conservative policy?" they ask—and derisively answer, "Broccoli!" The May 30 election may make "broccoli" the Anglican equivalent of "applesauce."

It also may turn the Conservative party out of offices held for more than four years and turn Ramsay MacDonald's Laborites or Lloyd George's Liberals in. That Conservatives will lose many of the 400-odd seats in Parliament won in the "red" election of 1924 seems certain. In by-election after by-election, their candidates have gone down the chute. An interesting feature of the pre-election period has been the success of Lloyd George's efforts to regain prestige and revitalize his followers.

Chancellor of the Exchequer Churchill's budget eliminating the centuries-old tax on tea indicated how well Conservatives understand their peril. In a tea-drinking nation the tax provided a fair method of producing revenues to which all contributed. Explanations of its abolishment must be sought, not in the health of the treasury, but in Conservative hopes of appealing to voters, particularly women voters.

Cherchez la femme. All three parties love the lassies this year. The enfranchisement in 1928 of more than a million "flappers" between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-five has given women the balance of political power. This accounts for the widely-circulated Conservative pamphlet containing fashion hints, photographs of dashing young Cabinet ministers, and a heart-to-heart story of the luckless British girl who failed to appreciate all that the Conservative Government had done for her.

The election involves such issues as the debt settlements, unemployment—Lloyd George lightheartedly promises to relieve it in a year—and the tariff. But in Great Britain, as in the United States, elections sometimes hinge on less weighty questions. This one may be decided by tea. It may be decided by broccoli. It may even be decided by sex appeal.

British Candidates

THE PERSONALITY of Walter Hagen, for the fourth time winner of Great Britain's open golf championship, doubtless claims more American attention than the personalities of any of the 1700 British candidates contesting the 615 seats in Parliament. Nevertheless, the political contest has its colorful

Wide World

JOHN McCORMACK

Signs contract with Fox Films; his pictures will be "not highbrow nor slushy, but perhaps like a McCormack concert"

entrants, not the least interesting of whom are women.

A lively and formidable woman candidate invariably makes the public sit up and watch. Such a one is our own Congresswoman Ruth Hanna McCormick, widow of Medill McCormick, daughter of Mark Hanna; many Americans will keep an eye on Illinois next year to note the outcome of her race against Senator Deneen for the Republican nomination for Senator. Similarly, British eyes will follow the fortunes of outstanding women candidates for Parliament. These include Lady Cynthia Mosley, daughter of the late Viscount Curzon and wife of Sir Oswald Mosley, Laborite; Miss Megan Lloyd George, daughter of the Liberal leader; and, of course, Lady Astor, the only American in the field.

The two Communist women in the lineup promise to finish as "also rans," as do all the other Communist candidates, with the exception of Shapurji Saklatvala, known to many Americans, who is expected to be re-elected from Battersea. Some of the Communists face disheartening obstacles. One, who has been in prison in India awaiting trial for a political offense and will campaign by proxy, is to run in a Liberal district against the Liberal leader, Sir John Simon, head of the commission attempting to evolve a new government for India. Another opposes the widely-beloved "Tay Pay" O'Connor, now in his eighty-first year, who conducts his contest from a wheel-chair. Even under normal circumstances it is impracticable to oppose "Tay Pay." This year, if there is any sentiment in his district, and there is, probably it will be a waste of time for his opponent even to look at the returns.

Chicago's Gang Wars

THREE OF CHICAGO'S underworldlings were taken for the conventional ride the other evening. State's Attorney Swanson believes this constitutes a direct challenge to all law-enforcement agencies in and around Chicago. Certainly he is correct. There have been twenty such challenges, twenty killings, this year; seven were issued during the "Mexican stand off" massacre on St. Valentine's Day.

Challenged not only directly but repeatedly, Chicago's law-enforcement agencies scratch their heads, take fumbling steps, usually futile, to find and convict the killers, and sometimes announce—loudly, so as to be heard above the rattle of fresh underworld gunfire—that gang killings in Chicago are at an end.

Now and again there are ballyhooed clean-up campaigns. Consistently they come to naught. Chicago has passed the stage where they are useful.

The fundamental cause of the city's plight may be put in a word. It is bootlegging. The bootleg trade, which it controls and over which it fights its brutal vendettas, has made Chicago

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gangland rich and influential beyond its wildest dreams of a decade ago. When former Attorney General Wickersham, following the lead of many others, urges that the American people be persuaded to obey the law, as if they could be teased to, he does not seem to realize what conditions in such cities as Chicago have grown to be. Many large cities are experiencing essentially similar conditions.

Thousands—how many hundreds of thousands?—of Chicagoans violate the Volstead law regularly. Despite all pleas, they will continue to do so until Volsteadism gives way to an enforceable system of regulation. As long as they continue, their city will be infested with gangs. Meanwhile, Chicago must grin and bear it, doing its best to preserve outward order and decency.

If this proves insufficient to protect peace-loving citizens from stray bullets —well, some of them may grimly reflect that, after all, they can soon take to the tower of the world's tallest building, shortly to be erected in their city.

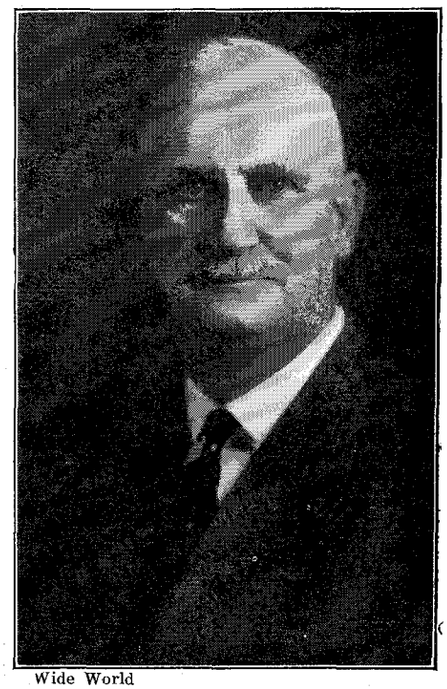
▸▸Higher Tariff Walls

THE HOUSE Ways and Means Committee took Mr. Hoover's plea for "limited" tariff revision with "limited" literalness. It altered every schedule but one, and reworked from a quarter to a third of all the rates, making most of them higher. In his message to Congress, President Hoover said the test should be whether or not there had been a substantial slackening of activity, hence of employment, in any industry because of foreign competition. If the Committee acted on this basis, our unemployment problem is unsuspectedly serious, and the robust appearance of our industries masks many a painful illness.

What the Senate will do to the bill and what the public attitude will be when the gist of the 83,000 words is better known remain to be seen. At any rate, first reactions were significant. Naturally, importers thought the rates too high. So did representatives of foreign countries. So did low-tariff newspapers. But in Congress, although here and there an old-fashioned Democrat like Cordell Hull of Tennessee denounced skyscraping tariffs in general, for the most part the objectors protested because rates in which they were interested were too low. Representatives from agricultural States were less disturbed by increases on articles farmers consume than by the possibility that these increases would outweigh those on articles farmers produce.

Framers of the bill gave short shrift to the Consumer, as they did to importers and exporters. Their frank effort was to preserve for American producers the 90-billion-dollar American market. It was assumed that the consumer would profit in increased wages. If he does not, so much the worse for him.

This doctrine has prevailed before and may prevail again. The skyrocketing schedules have caused the formation



Wide World

REPRESENTATIVE WILLIS HAWLEY

Chairman of House Ways and Means Committee which framed tariff measure known as Hawley-Smoot bill

of no powerful consumers' organizations to pull rates down. Apparently the danger in the bill is less that of arousing consumers than that of irritating foreign nations into retaliation. Should they begin striking back there might be greater dissatisfaction with our rates among American exporters. Our export trade is growing; last year it totaled more than $5,000,000,000. It therefore means much to our industries and to those who depend on them for employment.

▸▸Democrats on Debentures

WHILE A HOUSE COMMITTEE over-rode the Hoover plan for "limited" tariff revision, Senate Democrats and "pseudo-Republicans"—as Arch-Regular Fess calls them—wedged the Hoover-opposed export debenture scheme into the Hoover farm relief program. Democratic leaders outside the Senate, angered and perplexed by this action, have been asking, "What on earth is the idea?"

Did the Senate Democrats hope to make the export debenture plan a party issue, notwithstanding that in the modified form adopted it was originated by a Republican and contradicts traditional Democratic doctrine? If so, why did four-fifths of the House Democrats vote for the debentureless Hoover program?

Did Senate Democrats wish to accord the farmer a greater degree of relief than that provided in the Hoover-endorsed House bill? It is doubtful that the debenture plan would furnish such relief, doubtful that, if it did, this would counterbalance its many objectionable features, doubtful that a relieved West would outweigh an irritated East in political value. Moreover, the Democratic Senators must have known that, even if the House somehow could be persuaded to accept the export debenture scheme, the President probably would veto it.

Was it the desire simply to achieve a beautiful gesture which would at once warm up the farmers and embarrass the President? A gesture which delays one relief plan for the sake of another of dubious prospects may leave the farmers cold and embarrass no one but those who make it. The more the great debenture mystery is examined, the more it deepens.

If the House extracts the debenture plan from the farm bill, Senate Democrats may drive it into the tariff bill. If they do, what will become of their party's historic attitude on the tariff? It cannot tenably oppose the pending tariff bill on principle while supporting the debenture plan. It cannot tenably object against taxing the whole people for the benefit of tariff-stimulated manufacturers and at the same time advocate taxing the whole people for the benefit of debenture-stimulated farmers.

▸▸More Farm Relief

ONE OF THE WEAKNESSES of the debenture plan, placing a bounty on exports, is that even in the modified form framed by Senator Norris and adopted by the Senate it would tend to stimulate over-

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production. One of the merits of the House program lies in its specific provision that the proposed Farm Board shall make no loan or advance or insurance agreement to farmers' associations when this might increase the production of any commodity of which commonly there is a surplus above domestic requirements. Unfortunately, the third of current farm relief plans—Mr. Hoover's emergency measure temporarily reducing rail transportation rates on wheat and wheat flour—shares the weakness of the debenture scheme.

There are now on hand in this country some 300,000,000 bushels of wheat, and it is expected that the new crop will exceed the 800,000,000-bushel figure of last year. Mindful of this condition, the Administration has asked railroad executives to lower to-seaboard rates until September 30 on wheat and wheat flour to encourage their exportation.

Complying, the executives have doubted the workability of this plan to benefit the farmer. But however workable or unworkable it may prove to be, plainly it sets a potentially dangerous precedent. Although termed an emergency relief measure, it may encourage wheat growers to hope that similar measures will be instituted annually. Recent efforts to induce growers to cut down their wheat acreage have been unavailing. The farmer has left curtailment to the other fellow. Is he likely to alter this attitude now that he has seen the Administration take special steps to mitigate the consequences of his overproduction?

▸▸*Crime in the Comics*

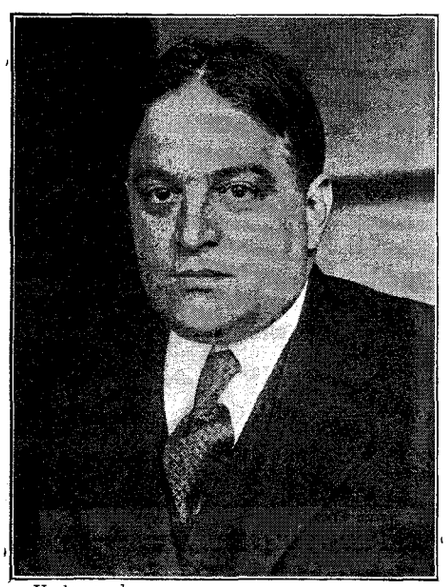
William Bolitho, a thoughtful journalist, prophesies that social historians of 2000 A. D. will find much to interest them in that "curious and characteristic native product of present-day America," the comic strip. If so, they undoubtedly will comment on the reflection, even there, of the general interest in crime plots typical of 1929 and thereabout.

As in the Lizzie Borden era, families still discuss whatever sensational crime stories the newspapers offer, but Sidney Smith's Andy Gump series, recounting the struggle of the innocent Tom Carr against the machinations of the arch-villain, Henry J. Ausstinn, also quickens the public pulse and burdens mailmen carrying letters to newspaper editors. Or, if it is not this comic strip, it is one of the others, dealing with kidnapping, stolen funds, or double-dyed mysteries which keep America anxiously and happily guessing from day to day.

The Canadian National Council of Education deplores all this and seeks to keep it confined to the United States. Scenting a demoralizing influence in American syndicated comic strips, it will request Canadian newspapers to curtail the use of those which feature crime. Is not this in itself a comic-strip idea? Surely there is not a criminal influence in a carload of "funnies." If there were, the morality of our nation of comic-strip devotees would have been hopelessly riddled before this.

▸▸*Newspaper Ownership*

As the Federal Trade Commission delves into newspaper investments of the International Paper and Power Company, summoning newspaper owners and power officials, it reveals many interesting facts.



Underwood

FIORELLO H. LA GUARDIA

Candidate for Mayor of New York; a lively member of the Seventy-first Congress

It has disclosed that the purchase of four Southern newspapers—Augusta (Ga.) "Chronicle," Columbia (S. C.) "Record," Spartanburg (S. C.) "Herald" and "Journal"—by William La Varre and Harold Hall was entirely financed by the International. It has also disclosed that these two young men unsuccessfully attempted to buy several other newspapers. It has disclosed, again, that one Southern editor objected to the International's investment and resigned; that a second would not have accepted his position if he had understood that the paper was controlled in any wise by a power company.

While the Commission has pursued its inquiry Congress has been wondering whether or not to stiffen the law requiring newspapers to publish the names of their owners. The Senate has passed a resolution ordering the Postmaster General to submit statements of ownership made by papers connected with the International. In the House, Representative La Guardia sponsors three bills designed to discourage ownership of newspapers by utilities.

Some of the shrewdest comments on the trend of the press have been made by Robert Lincoln O'Brien, formerly editor of the Boston "Herald," now partly owned by the International. Intelligent people, he said, need not waste time discussing whether an ownership affects news and editorial policies. "Do you not run the things you own as you want to run them?" he said.

Mr. O'Brien sees beyond the International's action to the broad process of which this is a part, of putting the press on a strictly business basis. One result of the process, which has been immensely advanced by chain ownership, is, he pointed out, to make newspapers soft-pedal their opinions and become neutral, on the ground that to do otherwise would be bad for business. "Is not our newspaper of opinion throughout the country destined to pass out in this era of big business control?" he asked. It is certainly a fair question.

▸▸*Irresponsible Drivers*

Trailers in imposing a tax on gasoline, Massachusetts, Illinois, and New York are among the leaders in facing the problem of protecting the public against the motorist financially unable to recompense victims of his carelessness or incompetence.

Massachusetts has gone the whole hog by adopting a compulsory liability insurance law, with rates arranged according to the weight of the car and the accident experience of the district in which the motorist lives. The scheme has raised a dozen turmoils in and out of politics. It has yet to prove conclusively that the increased protection afforded outweighs the increase in fraudulent claim-making, the probable encouragement to carelessness, and the difficulty of fixing rates acceptable to both public and underwriters. Meanwhile, the experiment is being closely watched and is likely to be imitated.

New York and Illinois are more cautious. The former State has enacted

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a law providing that, when a motorist fails to satisfy a judgment against him for injuring persons or property, he shall be deprived of his license until he establishes his financial responsibility. This he may do by obtaining insurance, filing a bond, or posting cash with the authorities. The bill recently passed by the Illinois Senate is fundamentally similar.

Administrators of motor vehicle laws in New Hampshire and Connecticut, where there are protective statutes of this kind, testify that the new measures work well. They are certainly steps, no matter how short, in the right direction. The obvious objection to them is that they do little to help an irresponsible driver's first victim, who might not be able to allay his disappointment at failing to collect damages with the knowledge that the guilty motorist had lost his driving license.

▸▸*Like Father?*

"For Heaven's sake don't think of him as the son of his father," says Charles Evans Hughes, Sr., of Charles Evans, Jr. Futile plea! Odious or not, father-son comparisons are inevitable. In this case, there is no downing the thought that the father's prestige, not to mention his part in the Hoover campaign, had something to do with the son's appointment as Solicitor General.

Hughes junior has dabbled but delicately in politics. His talents, wrapped in the napkin of private life, have been comparatively safe from appraisers. Acquaintances know him as an attorney, member with his father of a New York law firm, who has had several cases in the United States Supreme Court. Experience so gained should be useful in the Solicitor Generalship, which becomes a more important job as the Attorney General devotes himself to administrative duties, and which should provide a stiff testing-ground for the young man's merits.

Wide World

HUGHES FILS

Charles Evans, Jr., appointed Solicitor General; "on his own merits," says Charles Evans, Sr.

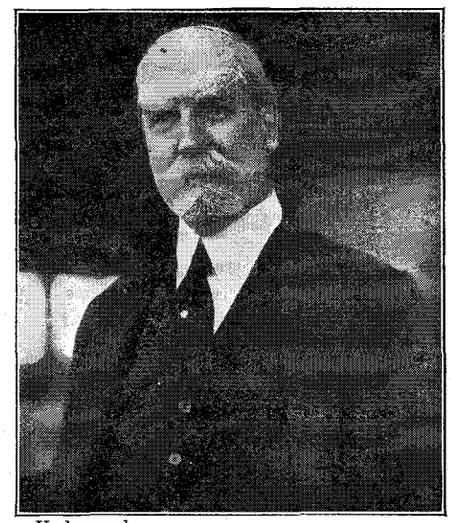
While the son goes to Washington, the father goes to The Hague to become a judge of the World Court. His presence there should magnify the Court's appeal to the United States and strengthen the probability that the Senate will vote for our adherence under the new Root plan. As Mr. Hughes has pointed out, the Court in last analysis must depend for its success on the personalities who compose it. Doubtless the desire of other nations to encourage American adherence influenced their choice of Mr. Hughes as judge, but his experience and ability of themselves fit him admirably for his new position.

▸▸*Givers of Gifts*

Both Premier Baldwin and the Prince of Wales proffered bouquets to American generosity at the laying of the cornerstone of the million-dollar Eastman Dental Clinic in London. Some of the causes of our proverbial gift-giving, for example, the inheritance tax and the desire for favorable publicity, are obvious. Once these are skimmed off, there appears the genuine desire of many wealthy Americans to give not only unselfishly but wisely.

A practical man with a million dollars to dispose of may search some time for a charity likely to produce tangible results. Eventually, he is apt to conclude that the most promising channel in which to direct his money is that leading to the improvement of people's minds and bodies, particularly their bodies.

During a single and not untypical fortnight mention has been made of American philanthropical projects representing gifts which add up just under $13,000,000. The projects include, besides the Eastman Clinic, the August Heckscher gift of four millions for child welfare, the gift of Mrs. Elise Stern to provide playgrounds for the children of Paris, the bequest of Miss Anne G. Maris to Pennsylvania hospitals, the fund established by five wealthy Detroiters to finance Dr. Clarence Cook Little's researches into causes of cancer, the newly-started Doctor's Hospital and Bronx Hospital in New York, and the Nathan Straus Clinic just opened in Palestine.



Underwood

HUGHES PERE

Toasted in England as "a prophet not without honor in his own country," becomes a judge of the World Court

Premier Baldwin thinks Americans "give their money in wise directions—toward education and health." On the latter score, the news of this representative fortnight emphatically bears him out.

▸▸*Disarmament Discussions*

The League's Preparatory Commission on armaments adjourned with the understanding that discussions looking toward naval disarmament would proceed. It is assumed that, either by note or around a table, or both, this country, Great Britain, France, Italy, and Japan will debate the plan outlined by American Delegate Gibson during the Commission's recent sessions at Geneva. That plan called for and provided a formula with which to measure the military value of fighting ships, taking into consideration size of guns, speed, tonnage, and so on.

Once a formula acceptable to all the naval powers were evolved, it apparently would remove the difficulty placed in the way of a disarmament treaty by the fact that the United States is primarily concerned with large cruisers, Great Britain with small cruisers, and France with destroyers and submarines.

How long it will take to find such a formula depends on how anxious the naval powers are to find it. Each of them can advocate a formula designed chiefly to protect its own interests, and thereby delay agreement indefinitely.

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Wide World

HUGH S. GIBSON

Congratulated by Hoover and Stimson for work at Geneva in Preparatory Commission on disarmament

Or they can achieve the same end by refusing to base the formula on obvious factors, such as speed and tonnage, and insisting upon considering all sorts of minor factors. As the chief British delegate, Lord Cushendun, put it the day the Commission adjourned, exchanging views and agreeing on a formula "may take some time; it may not take a very long time, but on the other hand it may take considerable time."

The fairly hospitable reception accorded the American proposal in Great Britain indicates that the outlook for naval disarmament is brighter than it has been since the British-American-Japanese conference collapsed two years ago. Whether that is saying much or little the next few months should show.

▶▶*Acquittals*

Few of the recent batch of accusations brought against public officials have been followed by convictions.

Superior Court Judge Hardy of Los Angeles, charged by the California House with misdemeanors in office and impeached, was recently acquitted by the State Senate. Representative Morgan, charged by customs inspectors with having admitted bringing liquor into the port of New York, was rebuked by a Grand Jury, which, however, intimated that, in view of the technical rules of criminal law and the failure of the agents to examine Mr. Morgan's baggage, a prosecution would not be possible.

Representative Michaelson, charged with having brought intoxicants into the United States from Cuba, has been acquitted by a jury in Florida. Soon after the verdict, Walter Gramm, Mr. Michaelson's brother-in-law, member of the Michaelson party in Cuba, was arrested, charged with violating the tariff act by concealing the transportation of liquor.

Even In-Again-Out-Again Oklahoma has relented. Justice Clark, of the State Supreme Court, accused of irregularities in office and impeached by the House, has been acquitted by the Senate.

If all the prominent office holders recently indicted and acquitted were innocent, as they must be considered, it was, needless to say, unfortunate that they were subjected to unfavorable publicity. That publicity, however, probably has had salutary effects on other officials, tempted as some of them may have been, to wander off the straight and narrow path. Irreproachable rectitude of course should be expected of public servants. When it appears at all dubious, prosecutors might well decide that it is better to try and lose than never to try at all.

▶▶*No Eclipse for Einstein*

Since the Great Eclipse of 1925 which was seen by millions of Americans, an eclipse is front page news even if it happens to be visible only on what we call the under side of the earth. Interest in astronomy is on the increase. The recent eclipse in the Far East was a success; clouds interfered with astronomers' observations in very few places along its narrow path.

There is something awe-inspiring in the precision with which astronomers can predict eclipses. They not only know years in advance when they will occur, to a matter of seconds, but just where the slender curved path of totality will strike across the rotating earth. To these points they go and set up in advance what they call cameras, though these are elaborate structures as large as houses. They point these cameras beforehand to the precise part of the heavens where the moon will pass across the sun's path and everything does come out right—the lens and plate sixty feet behind it come exactly in line with the eclipse at the exact second. This is better than magic; it is science.

To the public the chief feature of the recent eclipse in the Far East is the question of the Einstein theory involved. This comes up at every total eclipse, for eclipses provide a way to put the Einstein theory to a practical test. If light has mass or "weight", as Einstein asserts, it ought to be attracted by the force of gravitation just as other things are—though theory shows the attraction on light to be very weak. So a beam of light grazing the sun ought to be bent slightly by the sun's gravitation. Daily such beams from different stars graze the sun and reach us and there is only one reason why we cannot measure the deflexion theory calls for—the sun's own blinding light dazzles both eye and photographic plate. There is, however, an instant when the light of a star grazes the sun without being thus blanked out—when the sun's light is "doused" for a few seconds by the moon's body, at a total eclipse.

Preliminary dispatches indicate one more vindication for the Einstein claims at the recent eclipse. Astronomers will announce the results as quickly as possible—perhaps within a year. For in science to hasten is to risk error.

▶▶*The Time's Signs*

Signs of the Times: John J. Raskob will organize a huge investment company to purchase and hold sound, diversified stocks, and to attract savings of small investors. The newly-formed Curtiss Airports Corporation will apply

Wide World

JOHN J. RASKOB

Plans huge investment company "of unlimited capital" for small investors

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Springfield, Missouri

the chain idea of flying fields. John McCormack, Irish tenor, signs a contract to appear in a talking motion picture. Ping Pong sets are being advertised. In Canada, a telephone connection has been established between an office and a speeding train.

Signs of the times: The Albert Kahn firm of architects, designers of the Ford and other ultra-modern plants, has been engaged by the Soviet Government to plan the construction of motor vehicle, cotton, and other factories at the mouth of the Volga River in Southern Russia. Preliminaries are under way for a mail and passenger dirigible line from the Pacific Coast to Hawaii, eventually perhaps to the Orient. A centuries-old barn in England is being torn down to be transported to the United States and re-erected.

Signs of the times: Radio contact has been made between the Byrd Base in the Antarctic and the University of Michigan Meteorological Station in Greenland. Two German pilots will open a school for gliders on Cape Cod. The productivity of wage-earners in American industries has increased more than 50 per cent since 1920, according to the American Engineering Council.

Signs of the times: The new works being built by Continental General Motors near Antwerp, Belgium, are nearly completed. Doctors at the Connaught Laboratories in Toronto will draw blood from hundreds of persons who have suffered from infantile paralysis to obtain a supply of serum to combat this affliction. Short motion pictures, carried by television, will be broadcast to specially equipped radio sets from a station at Jersey City. The United States Golf Association has approved a new ball which, a little larger than the old, will put a slight curb on the long hitters without dashing the hopes of the duffer for a long drive from the tee.

▶▶The Week's Press Opinion

No Tariff Bill is popular. The one now before Congress has apparently no friends and few apologists. One might think from reading editorials in the daily press on the subject that the country had been keyed up to expect something new and different and better than other tariff bills and had been grievously disappointed; but it sounds as if everybody were saying, "We are disappointed and we expected to be."

The most unpopular schedule of this plainly unpopular bill is the sugar schedule. It is a tax on the table. It is a blow—a deadly blow one protectionist paper calls it—at Cuba, to which we have some obligation, where much American capital is invested, and to which we sell much goods. It boosts the beet sugar industry but not the American farmer to any great extent, for the beet sugar business is mainly in the hands of corporations. From the point of view of disinterested commentators, the one redeeming feature of this schedule is that it does not levy a tax on the Philippine Islands and therefore preserves the integrity and good faith of the country; for a tariff on Philippine products would be a burden on a people who are dependent on us and therefore are unable to defend themselves by retaliatory tariffs. Of course not all comment is disinterested. From Louisiana and the West come complaints that the Filipinos are favored. Thus the tariff continues in one sense to be a local issue.

Here is a most extraordinary paradox. A protectionist country, with both its chief parties protectionist, is apparently irritated by a protectionist measure. Each special interest is dissatisfied because it does not get enough, while the people as a whole are disgusted because every interest is getting too much. How can such an unpopular measure—one almost universally condemned by the press—survive? The answer is log-rolling. And now that the farmers are admitted to the game, they are apparently no better satisfied than before. So the press looks for a long and bitter struggle. Will Hoover fare any better than Cleveland or Taft?

Everybody seems to lose in a scramble; yet the scramble goes on. It means higher costs for consumers; to compensate the farmers for a tariff on what they have to buy, rates are put up on agricultural products; to compensate manufacturers for a tariff on the raw material that is made more expensive by the agricultural tariff, rates are put up on manufactured articles. And our customers abroad who must sell their goods in order to buy ours find the fences around the American market built up higher. Manufacturer and farmer meet head on; yet both unite to fine the consumer and to deprive the foreign customer of means to pay for purchases of American surpluses.

This is the rather depressing picture of the so-called "limited" tariff revision as drawn by the American press.

The hope of any relief appears to the press to rest in President Hoover. Can he control what his Special Session has started? Only if he can depend on the Senate. The bill as it now stands is a House bill. It is the composite of the local demands of hundreds of constituencies. The Senate should take a broader view. But there is little respect in the press for the Senate. The way it has acted in putting a subsidy into the farm bill against the express wishes of the President has raised a bad odor. Newspapers take pleasure in noting that when he voted for this subsidy, called a debenture plan, Senator Copeland, according to his own avowal, held his nose. The Democrats in the Senate who voted for this un-Demo-

Remarkable Remarks

The earnest women who compose the Ladies' Aid Society in the Baptist Church in Genoa, Nebraska, are positively brilliant compared with their sisters who frequent the night clubs of New York.—William Lyon Phelps.

Some thinkers in the United States stand with the President in the belief that Prohibition is a noble experiment.—W. R. Castle.

Liquor itself is so thoroughly saturated with evil that no personal right to its use can outweigh the right of the public to be protected from its influence. — Dr. S. E. Nicholson.

If you want to know what I think would best tone up our society, it would be a little genial and good-natured Puritanism.—Rev. Samuel Shoemaker, Jr.

No one can be a good Christian and not belive in demons of all kinds. —H. L. Mencken.

Nobody with the eyes of reality can love another person.—Rev. Clarence R. Skinner.

In literature as in life, the uniting of the sexes is the supreme finality.—Claude Anet.

Mr. Sinclair's trip to jail does not shake the established theory that you are safe in America if you steal enough.—Arthur Brisbane.

There are flaws and fallacies aplenty in democracy. — Glenn Frank.

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cratic paternalistic feature are scored heavily by the Democratic press for reducing opposition to a mere "nuisance value." Mr. Hoover's only chance of getting out of his difficulty seems to be to induce the Senate to reform the House tariff bill and the House to reform the Senate farm bill. But there are fears that the Senate may yield to the House on the tariff in exchange for a surrender by the House on debentures.

If the President is to escape the hole which each chamber has dug for him he will have to play the game of politics both bravely and shrewdly. If he does, the press of the country will apparently be behind him.

Back Stage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

NOT SINCE the latter days of the Taft Administration have we noted such a spirit of soreness and sullenness here. We think it incredible and unexplainable that, so soon after the election of a President by an unprecedented majority, there should be so much criticism and open resentment. A series of events not wholly unrelated incline us to believe that Mr. Hoover faces four difficult years in obtaining legislative and political approval of the far-reaching program of reform which he has inaugurated on all fronts.

The indignation and suspicion are not confined solely to Capitol Hill, where the politicians are grumbling against his so-called high-hattedness in handling patronage and well-paid representatives of both the producer and consumer are hurling anathemas at the 1929 tariff measure. We would discount such opposition except that we find a feeling of anxiety and uncertainty in many other quarters, notably in the foreign embassies, in drawing-rooms, in the offices of the Washington correspondents, and in the headquarters of great interests like the oil and railroad industries.

It is difficult to recite all the details, but anti-Administration sentiment crops up everywhere. Few of the President's appointments, from the members of the Cabinet to recent nominees for judgeships and other important offices, have been satisfactory to the men who think organization service the test of a man's fitness for office.

The farmers are not satisfied with the Hoover farm plan, as the temper in the Senate reveals. When such a watcher of the political wind as Senator Borah, who urged Hoover to summon this special session, votes with enemies of the Administration on the debenture scheme, it becomes obvious that there is rebellion in the great open spaces of the West and in the Senate.

Though the big figures in the oil and railroad industries acquiesced in the demands which the Administration made upon them, they did so reluctantly. The oil men's willingness to agree to State compacts for conservation has won them the enmity, we hear, of the Senators, Congressmen, Legislatures, and Governors of the several States involved—and the outcome is dubious.

Though the railroad presidents agreed to cut rates so that last year's

Kirby in the New York World

"She shall not pass"

wheat could be moved out of Middle Western elevators, some of them regret it, according to our informants; in view of this temporary reduction in rates, certain shipping interests contend that permanent cuts would not reduce railroad revenues and would prove advantageous to the agricultural and industrial interests.

Big Americans in the Senate are suspicious of the idealistic doctrine of disarmament propounded at Geneva by Ambassador Gibson, with the full approval of President Hoover; Borah is rounding up irreconcilables of today and yesterday for his fight on the Administration's plan whereby we shall accept membership in the World Court. The dowagers and the diplomats lift up their noses at the famous "Stimson sidestep", as we characterize his refusal to settle the question of Dolly Gann's social status, and the temporary decision of Sir Esme Howard, British Ambassador, to accord her the rank insisted on by the Vice President. Alice Longworth has plunged the Capital's society into dismay by her relentless war on Mrs. Gann. Washington society is a House of Longworth divided against itself. "Nick" and "Alice" may yet win their place in the social sun, which the Speaker conceives to be second only to the President himself, but for the present this controversy constitutes another cloud on the peace and contentment of the White House.

We would not be surprised if the President should settle the unseemly dispute with a White House dinner that would determine once and for all the line-up of Washington's social parade. To our mind, he has indirectly expressed his feelings, but the dowagers and diplomats have been too much concerned with their feuds to notice it. We understand that he has eliminated etiquette so far as that connotes artificial standards, and has introduced a spirit of natural politeness and chivalry into the White House scheme of things. He has, we hear, decreed that the rule of "ladies first" shall prevail when the Ship of State sails into social seas. Disregarding tradition, he gives husbandly precedence to the First Lady of the Land. Instead of preceding her on all occasions, he permits Mrs. Hoover to lead in entering a room, an automobile, or any public place. At White House functions they enter and leave the room together.

He has elevated Congresswomen to a status of their own. At a recent White House dinner a woman member of Congress walked and sat above wives of certain Cabinet officers; she would have trailed them under the old State Department ruling that Congresswomen should have the place accorded wives of male members elected at the time the ladies were.

Though these changes were made quietly, every eye equipped for the perception of social niceties caught them. If the hostesses of Washington would extract the embattled beam and gleam from their eyes in the present warfare, they might learn that they do these things so much better in the White House.

A. F. C.

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The Art of Thinking

An Editorial

RECENTLY a gracious little book appeared called "The Art of Thinking." It was written by a French abbé who has become well acquainted with our morals and manners and is able to criticize them charmingly in our own tongue. I do not propose to review this volume. I merely feel like joining for a few moments in the merry game of thinking about thinking—than which few sports are superior for those with the rare taste for it.

The author believes that our mental operations are usually inseparable from images, or produced by images. These images "closely correspond to wishes and repulsions, to things we want or do not want, so that this wanting or not wanting seems to be the ultimate motive power in our psychology, probably in connection with the elementary conditions of our being."

This paragraph is a challenge at the start to those bent on cultivating the art of thinking. We each have a traveling laboratory in which we can make psychological observations at our leisure. This kind of observation is known to philosophers as introspection. Many thinkers have placed supreme confidence in its findings; others, especially of late, declare rather hotly that no good can come of it. Yet watching what goes on in one's head is an experience just as truly as watching what a new-born baby does when you threaten to drop it. We can fairly enough ask ourselves, for instance, whether we think in images, as l'abbé supposes, or whether we do not. I do not see how anything but introspection can give us any information on this matter.

Do you and do I think in images? I conjecture that people differ greatly in this respect. Walter Lippmann in his analysis of public opinion ascribes much to "the pictures in their heads," and certainly visual frame-ups must be an important factor at least in crude thinking and impetuous conclusions. Our newspapers represent the Russian terrorist as a scowling, hairy, cave man with a knife in his mouth and a bomb in his hand. The photographs of noted anarchists show us, however, men and women with sensitive faces and the half smile sometimes seen in ardent enthusiasts. So in the formation of images comes the compulsion mentioned by l'abbé to mould them according to our prejudices. The very word *imaginary* means not true. How can images then be the tools of critical thought?

Now some people are denied the power of visualization or have it in only a feeble degree. Only in the twilight betwixt sleeping and waking do I see visions, fleeting and irrelevant but wondrous clear. I cannot therefore think in images, but in *words*. I do not seem to be witnessing the unrolling of a film, but to be talking to myself. Like the Lord Chancellor in Iolanthe I am always saying, "Said I to myself said I." I am addicted to internal discussion and argumentation which does not involve images. This unvoiced talk with myself is sometimes cross and petulant, sometimes quite gentle, persuasive, and inconclusive, according to my mood.

Only lately has human speech begun to be better understood, especially the dependence of thinking on words. In practicing the art of thinking it would be well to exercise one's incipient skill on words. It is their reckless use and insolent tyranny which form the chief barriers to clear thinking. It is here that l'abbé's emphasis on the influence of congeniality or repulsiveness in all thinking is of fundamental importance.

The writer rather scamps the question of thinking itself, on the ground that it belongs to the *science* of thought. He is talking of the *art* of thinking. The science of thought is however, just one's knowledge of thinking itself, especially its strange biological emergence, its development and insistent vagaries and strange underlying concomitants, which make it possible to practice it effectively in judging the internal operations of one's self and of others. Thinking must always come from knowledge if it is to be any good. I do not see how the *art* can be developed except in terms of increased knowledge of human beliefs, assumptions, their origin and transmission.

And how can there be an art of thinking in general? There are those who are able apparently to think very hard about the fluctuation in the market prices of stocks and very subtly too, who will now and then consult an astrologer, whose whole system would collapse the moment one learned its grotesque history.

"The art of thinking is the art of being one's self," the author declares. "The capacity to resist oral or printed affirmation, to have one's own opinion about an idea, a poem, a doctrine, or a work of art, and to see it clearly enough to give it forcible expression is an exception. Most people suspend their judgment till some one else has expressed his own and then they repeat it . . . *People do not think*. These four words describe the mental cowardice or sluggishness which makes sheep of most people. Such passivity cannot be too clearly counteracted." I should surmise on the contrary that most people do think and that they are themselves and would cease to be so if they began to pass judgment on poems and pictures.

Even l'abbé suggests the thoughtfulness of one wandering in a garden or reading *Vanity Fair*. It has always been dangerous or at least disreputable to disagree with the abundant thoughtlessness of your fellows. Moreover we all carry intellectual baggage exempt from inspection at the ports of entry of the mind, and l'abbé can be no exception. The fun comes when one can lead a life of individual adventure which consists in an abandoned reconsideration of all the notions of good men and true. Ideas then cease to be high or low, good or bad. One frees himself gradually and becomes a lonely explorer meeting now and then a fellow spirit who is escaping from the City of Destruction—our childish impressions and the coercions of those with whom we have been cast.

JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON

Where Is Mankind Going?

The distinguished contributors to this weekly editorial page constitute not only our list of witnesses to the progress of existence, but its interpreters as well. Dr. Robinson is best known as the author of "The Mind in the Making." Professor Albert G. Keller, of Yale University, will be the next contributor

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Treasury Notes at Discount

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

The basic facts and events which underlie the trend of business are presented in this weekly financial page. Mr. Gammack is one of the well-known younger men in Wall Street

TO SUPPLEMENT the present methods, Congress is considering a new type of government financing which seems to have many advantages. The plan is to sell Treasury bills on a discount basis. Instead of paying interest, the Government will redeem the bills above their issue price and the holder's return will be derived from the inevitable appreciation in price. This will make it no longer necessary for the Treasury to gauge the credit market by setting a price for its issues. Instead, by asking for bids on its bills, it will automatically arrive at a price which represents what the financial community thinks they are worth.

Treasury officials, it is believed, framed the bill, but it was introduced in the Senate by Senator Smoot and in the House by Representative Hawley. At the time this is written no action has been taken but it seems probable that the measures will be enacted either at this session or at the next. Under the present system the Treasury offers either short or long term securities at what it considers a fair interest basis but, being human, officials sometimes price these issues badly. When they are mistaken, they are subject to considerable criticism, including complaints that their purposes in under or over pricing an issue are not entirely legitimate. If the new plan goes through, supply and demand will automatically adjust the offering figure. Ordinarily, the securities will be sold to the highest bidder.

The Bank of England has done its financing on a discount basis for some time, raising most of its funds by means of new offerings every week. In this country the offerings will not be made at regular intervals but at such times as money is needed. This means that the Treasury officials must use their judgment in choosing the time for asking bids and they will, undoubtedly, be criticized somewhat for choosing one date instead of another. Inasmuch, however, as the bills presumably will be offered when funds are required and not when the occasion seems propitious criticism should be mild and infrequent.

The banks have not expressed any open opposition to the plan but it would be unnatural if they favored it too strongly. At present they make a tidy profit on Treasury balances which arise from the sale of new issues. When notes or certificates are sold, the banks do not pay the Government immediately but deposit to its account the proceeds of the sale. On these deposits the Government draws only 2 per cent interest and the banks do not have trouble in lending at a much higher rate. Since these deposits are not entirely withdrawn for some time the banks make the difference between 2 and 7 or 8 per cent, or more.

One important feature of the new plan which has not received as much attention as it may deserve is that the bills would be tax exempt not only from the normal income tax but from surtaxes. This exemption being recommended directly by Secretary Mellon carries tremendous prestige.

SOME ECONOMISTS, however, who favor the selling of Treasury notes on a discount basis, object vigorously to their exemption from taxes. They point to the fact that the First Liberty Loan bonds were the only ones of the War issues to be exempted from taxation and insist that the need today is not for more, but for less tax exempt securities. Secretary Mellon's argument, of course, is that municipalities, able to sell their securities on a tax-exempt basis, offer unfair competition to the Government. Admitting this, the objectors claim that it is more important to strengthen the principle of reducing tax-exempt issues than to remove the advantage that tax-exempt municipal securities would have over United States Government issues which have no such privilege.

One of the effects of the sale of bills at a discount would be to reduce the burden of our foreign debtors. They are allowed to pay their debts either in cash or in the securities of the United States Government. The latter are receivable at par and Great Britain, for instance, could buy the discounted obligations on the date of their issuance and deliver them to Washington, receiving credit at par.

The Smoot-Hawley measure would have no effect on the amount of credit available for the stock market and consequently arouses excitement in Wall Street. To the Wall Street community the most interesting recent proposal came from E. H. H. Simmons, President of the New York Stock Exchange, who suggested that the Federal Reserve System should rediscount security collateral loans.

"Many fear," he said "that the rediscounting of security collateral loans would involve the extensive use of Federal Reserve credit in the stock market. But there is probably as much Federal Reserve credit in stock-market loans today, and under the present system the Federal Reserve cannot prevent it. Indeed, it is likely that if a careful and conservative system of rediscounting security loans could be evolved, less Reserve credit would get into the stock market than has already done so without such a rediscount privilege.

"If security loans were to be rediscounted at the Reserve banks, their rediscount rate could be maintained above the market rate, and both these rates above similar rates for commercial loans. This system has been successfully employed by the Bank of England for many years, and there seems to be little evidence that in London it has caused inflation. The Bank of England is not alone in permitting the rediscount of security collateral loans other than on government securities—under varying conditions, the same practice is permitted by the Banque de France and in Berlin by the Reichsbank.

"Such an ability to rediscount stock-market loans would enable the Reserve System to obviate the recent ridiculous, uneven rates in the call loan market. Rates of 15 to 20 per cent of the soundest banking loans in this country are clearly an absurdity which could readily be prevented by permitting the Reserve banks to maintain closer contact with the market for security loans."

Wall Street, of course, would be delighted if Congress should agree with Mr. Simmons but such a possibility is negligible. Whatever the merits of his contentions, the political opposition to making such media as stocks eligible for discount seems insuperable.

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Beethoven: A Biography

By ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

The growing persecution mania and irascibility of Beethoven under the scourge of his deafness and violently emotional nature left their marks upon his contacts with friends, patrons, and family. In this installment of his biography, Mr. Schauffler allows a broader view of the great composer's personal relations and difficulties

TO LOVERS of pure music, that form of technical display known as the concerto has always seemed of somewhat dubious musical respectability. The Beethoven concertos which had the perilous honor of following the Rasoumowsky quartets filled this precarious position less unworthily than any other concertos could have filled it.

In spite of a virtuoso element which seems to our modern taste a bit too florid for floridity's sake, the violin concerto in D major[1] still holds its own as the most limpidly lovely work of its kind. Not a shadow blurs it. From the ingenuous opening march, that sounds like the subdued laughter of absorbed and delighted children, through the tingling serenity of the

second subject, through the mystical vision of the slow movement, that makes religious ecstasy seem as easy and natural as day-dreaming,—through the exuberant humor of the infectiously swaying *finale,* all is young, innocent, wide-eyed.

The G major piano concerto,[2] on its appearance in 1808, assumed a corresponding position of preëminence in its own class, until somewhat overshadowed a year later by the so-called

"Emperor" concerto. In its feminine charm, its adolescent happiness and fairy-tale atmosphere Opus 58 is next of kin to its violin brother. By daring here to give the soloist the first word alone,—a justly renowned opening, Beethoven freed this form from the bonds of that hoary Mede and Persian precedent, the initial orchestral *tutti.* True, Mozart had, in an early concerto, partially revolted at this convention, but without making much headway against the tyranny of custom.

This G major marked a long stride in that evolution of the concerto from a mere show-off piece, with a servile orchestral accompaniment, toward that fuller emancipation of the concerto orchestra by Schumann and Brahms which has led to the usual form of today, the symphony or symphonic poem with piano obligato.

At this period the great emancipator was also active in helping to free piano music from its subjection to the feeble, effeminate instruments of his youth. His practical suggestions and prestige brought about a marked improvement in piano action and tone quality.

On February 7, 1809, Reichardt wrote: "Streicher has abandoned the soft, yielding, repercussive tone of the other Vienna instruments, and, according to Beethoven's wish and advice, given his instruments greater resonance and elasticity, so that the virtuoso who plays with strength and significance may have the instrument in better command for sustained and expressive tones. He has thereby given his instruments a larger and more varied character, so that they must give greater satisfaction than the others to all virtuosi who seek something more than mere easy brilliance in their style of playing."

Beethoven originally intended to follow the "Eroica" with what has turned out to be his most popular work. In 1805 he actually wrote large portions of the first two movements of the C minor symphony. Then, in 1806, he interrupted this task to begin and finish the B flat symphony[3] which stands fourth in his momentous series of sonatas for orchestra.

In spite of all his misfortunes he must have been bursting with exuberance and happiness, and he simply could not help laying aside, for the time being, the grandeurs and glooms of the C minor, to give expression to this zest in common life. Also he must have felt that two such stupendous works as the "Eroica" and the Fifth should neither be offered the public so close together nor be created without some pause for recuperation.

The chief features of the Fourth symphony are adolescent blitheness, an exhilaration and a humor, a lyric passion and a finish of workmanship unheard before, and a unity and perfection of proportion never surpassed in his symphonic writing.

One of the miraculous things about this symphony is the easy convincing way in which it blends the three humorous fast movements with the passionate love song of the *adagio,* so that they complement one another as perfectly as three irises and a scarlet rose set in a slender vase by a Japanese master of flower arrangement.

ABOUT THE YEAR 1805 Beethoven took as a pupil in piano and composition the young Archduke Rudolph, a half-brother of Emperor Franz. The boy had genuine talent and, until the end of the Master's life, proved a true and generous patron.

1. Op. 61.
2. Op. 58.
3. Op. 60.

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Beethoven, on his side, though he had a genuine regard and affection for the lad, refused to be overawed by the demands of etiquette. At times he went so far as to rap his august charge over the knuckles. And Ries relates that when the imperial functionaries undertook to "court-tutor" him forcibly in the intricacies of ceremonial, he grew angry, violently made his way into the Archduke's presence, "and flatly declared that while he had the greatest reverence for his person, he could not be bothered to observe all the regulations that were daily urged upon him. The Archduke laughed good-naturedly and gave directions that Beethoven should be allowed to go his own way undisturbed. It was his nature and could not be altered."

Later on, however, as the constraints of teaching interfered with composition, Beethoven seems to have absorbed some of the verbiage of diplomacy. And one of the least attractive features of his collected letters is the long series of propitiatory notes of excuse for non-appearance at the imperial lessons. They brim over with transparent fibs and palpably insincere flattery. Naturally enough Beethoven resented any sort of coercion from a mere Prince more savagely than from an Archduke. Even though the Prince were such a warm old friend as Lichnowsky.

During the summer of 1806 he visited the latter on his Silesian estate in Troppau. Lichnowsky begged him to play for some French officers, his fellow guests. Beethoven curtly refused. At the best of times he needed a great deal of urging. But nothing could induce him to perform for creatures to whom he had unconsciously transformed some of the hatred he felt toward their Emperor, the treacherous hero whose name he had struck from the title page of the "Eroica."

Unwisely the Prince persisted, and jokingly threatened him with "house-arrest" if he did not yield. But in that mood Beethoven was as impervious to humor as a crocodile to a small boy's catapult. Late at night, still breathing out threatenings and slaughter, he bolted from the house, stormed a mile through the dark to Troppau, and took an extra post-chaise for Vienna. Arrived there, his first act was to pulverize a bust of Lichnowsky. This fit of fury lasted abnormally long. Not until 1811 did he accept another country-house invitation from his old friend.

Towards the end of 1806 the direction of the Court Theatre and the Theater an der Wien was taken over by a committee of noblemen. One of these was Prince Lobkowitz, whom Beethoven immortalized by the dedications of seven quartets and three symphonies, and whom he called a donkey in that regrettable incident of the truant bassoon. Acting on a kind but injudicious

DOROTHEA VON ERTMANN

Baroness Dorothea von Ertmann, one of the best interpreters of Beethoven's piano music

hint from this Prince, he wrote to the committee, asking for the position of subsidized opera composer.

It should be borne in mind that Beethoven was usually practical in matters of musical business; that he resented dictation; that his already profound knowledge of his own powers and limitations had been sharpened by years of unsuccessful struggle with "Fidelio." But in this appeal he showed a wild impracticality which suggests either aberration or insincerity.

He proposed binding himself to deliver a large opera once a year. Also "an annual operetta or a *divertissement,* choral works or occasional pieces, according to the demands and requirements of the praiseworthy Direction."

Leaving out of account Lobkowitz's original indiscretion, the praiseworthy Direction handled this matter in a manner praiseworthy indeed. They knew how impossible it must needs be to make the erratic genius finish even a single large-scale work by any certain day or year. They realized how unfortunately any sort of coercion reacted on the quality of his writing. And they realized how the irascible deaf man was bound to antagonize the singers and orchestras at rehearsal. Perhaps they had some realization, as well, what a tragic loss to instrumental music his entire absorption in a hybrid form like opera might entail. So they solved the difficulty by never answering his appeal. Naturally Beethoven was furious. In a letter to Count Brunswick, May 11, 1807, he referred bitingly to the *fürstliches Theatergesindel,* "the princely theatre-rabble."

But the "rabble" did its princely best to make it up to the poor genius. In his own palace, Lobkowitz gave two concerts of Beethoven's works, while Prince Esterhazy ordered a mass from him.

Even for a prince, to be Beethoven's friend was a task of heart-breaking difficulty, requiring the combined endowments of Job, Lord Chesterfield, Sancho Panza, and the Good Samaritan. After we have made all due allowances for their shortcomings, the noblemen of Vienna who stood so staunchly and consistently by him deserve our sincere gratitude and consideration. They were true noblemen. However, in spite of their touching forbearance, sympathy, appreciation, and generosity, the composer's theoretical attitude toward them, noted on the margin of a Sketch Book for 1814, was no heartier than this: "Never openly show to all men the contempt they deserve; one never knows where one may need to use them." [1]

But, though in practice he seldom lived up even to this cynical ideal, most of the Viennese aristocracy graciously swallowed his boorishness, and stuck to him loyally till death did them part, philosophically putting up with affront after affront.

It would be hard to find any other

1. This recalls a witticism by Brahms. He was looking over a prince's manuscript symphony with a friend who began tearing it to pieces. "Hold hard!" cried Brahms. "In criticising the compositions of the nobility the greatest reserve should be exercised. One never knows who wrote them!"

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genius anywhere who has been treated by his aristocratic neighbors with such kindness and clairvoyant intelligence. All honor to "the princely rabble"!

At the concerts in the Lobkowitz palace, the work which made the deepest impression was the new overture to Collin's (not Shakespeare's) "Coriolanus." The hearers, familiar with the play, were able to follow from the first the main argument of its tonal counterpart. Not an exalted form of musical appreciation, it is true, but it sufficed to start the overture on the popular road it has ever since traveled.

Here is music starkly simple as a Greek discobolus or a Tyrolean avalanche. Here is drama bereft of mask, wig, and cothurnus. And, for swifter movement, it is clad in running garb instead of flowing robes. Here is concrete tragic conflict between two particular opposing forces, suddenly and elementally transfigured into something as universal as a thunderstorm. And here is skill in characterization not to be equalled again in music until the "Nibelungen Ring."

In 1805, the celebrated composer and pianist, Muzio Clementi, came to Vienna. As he was a younger man, Beethoven would have gone at once to pay his respects. But his intriguing brothers felt this would be *infra dig*. Then gossip took a hand to keep Clementi from seizing the initiative. Soon there was so much bad blood that when the two masters dined at the same table in The Swan, they observed a strict silence, while the attendant pupils of each, for fear of losing their lessons, glared at one another like so many stage Capulets and Montagues.

1807 saw the feud patched up. How this was done Clementi, who was also a London publisher, told his partner in the following English letter:

Vienna, April 22d, 1807.

Messrs. Clementi & Co.,
No. 26 Cheapside,
London.

DEAR COLLARD:

By a little management and without committing myself, I have at last made a complete conquest of the *haughty beauty*, Beethoven, who first began at public places to grin and coquette with me, which of course I took care not to discourage; then slid into familiar chat, till meeting him by chance one day in the street—"where do you lodge?" says he; "I have not seen you this *long* while!"—Upon which I gave him my address. Two days after I found on my table his card brought by himself, from the maid's description of his lovely form. This will do, thought I. Three days after that he calls again, and finds me at home. Conceive then the mutual ecstasy of such a meeting! I took rather good care to improve it to our *house's* advantage, therefore, as soon as decency would allow, after praising very handsomely some of his compositions: "Are you engaged with any publisher in London?"—"No," says he. "Suppose, then, that you prefer *me?*"—"With all my heart." "Done. What have you ready?"—"I'll bring you a list." . . .

Archduke Rudolph, Beethoven's pupil and patron

This list included the Rasoumowsky quartets, the Fourth symphony, The "Coriolanus" overture, the Violin and Fourth piano concertos. Clementi informed Collard that he had made a good bargain for the English rights at £200, cash on delivery. The composer, too, was pleased. But only for a short time. Try as he might he could not, until three years later, extract that £200 from Clementi.

Meanwhile, Beethoven's old factotum, Zmeskall, had lost his health. He was replaced by Count Ignaz von Gleichenstein. In spite of the *burschikos* tone of his letters to Zmeskall, Beethoven had always kept him at a certain distance, and regarded him in the light of "a useful instrument on which he played." But Gleichenstein he thee'd and thou'd and held in warm affection. Though he made him buy shirts, pens, neckcloths; though he made him draft letters in French and lend a hand with pension and love affairs, he was always ready to return such favors by helping him socially. Once he procured him an invitation to a Beethoven evening at Archduke Rudolph's. And when the factotum did not appear, the Master wrote: "You lost a lot, not by missing my music, but you might have met a lovable talented Prince, and—as the friend of your friend—you would certainly not have been made painfully conscious of the height of his rank. Forgive this small expression of pride. It comes more from the pleasure of knowing that those I love are instantly lent distinction than from petty vanity."

Ernest comments pithily on this letter. "An amazing vignette, doubly amazing when one recalls the social standing of a Haydn and a Mozart. The artist who benevolently takes the aristocrat under his wing and deflects to him some of the lustre of his own name!"

Nearly all of his biographers have made out Beethoven's brothers to be impossible persons, who treated the noble Ludwig with malignant dishonesty and base ingratitude. Thayer, however, as we have already seen, gallantly wielding the white-wash brush, left Karl and Johann rather too light of hue. The truth seems to lie, not half-way between these limits, but somewhat closer to Thayer's side.

Their jealousy did Ludwig many an injury. (But Ludwig was savagely jealous, too.) They were dishonest in

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business matters. (But so was Ludwig.) Like their brother, they were badly brought up in a deplorable home atmosphere, and ill-educated. Lacking any touch of his genius, they had little mentally in common with him. Owing to that universal phenomenon, intra-family antagonism, they refused him that unquestioning obedience which the composer's imperious spirit exacted from the rest of mankind, including princes,—and stopping only at archdukes. This recalcitrant was a sharp and permanent grain of sand in the inflamed eye of the genius.

On the other hand, if he was almost impossible to get along with in the world at large, this senior brother must have been a grade more difficult inside the family. His sexual obsession against certain types of woman prompted him to mix, with almost the overbearing officiousness of a monomaniac, in the private domestic affairs of his brothers. Karl's fiancée was a well-to-do and apparently a not too unsuitable person. But Ludwig was fiercely opposed to the match. On the manuscript of the first Rasoumowsky quartet, composed at the time of the wedding, he wrote above the tragic *adagio molto e mesto*: "a weeping willow or acacia tree over the grave of my brother." Ever afterwards, with a very few short atoning reactions, he treated Frau Karl with the utmost offensiveness. And, as we shall see, he went so far in Johann's case as to precipitate an unfortunate marriage with his mistress by invoking the law to have the girl driven out of town.

In order to make expensive journeys in 1806, he borrowed heavily from Johann's scanty savings. The following year this brother had a chance to buy an apothecary shop in Linz, at a great bargain. Knowing that Ludwig then had plenty of cash, he asked for the return of the loan, which he desperately needed. This situation was shabbily met.

"Dear good Gleichenstein:—You may tell my brother that I shall certainly not write to him again. The reason why I know. It is this: because he has lent me money and laid out some on my account he is already concerned, I know my brothers, since I cannot yet pay it back to him, and probably the other who is animated with the spirit of revenge against me and him too—the best thing is for me to collect the whole 1500 florins (from the Industrie Comptoir) and pay him with it, then the matter will be done with—heaven keep me from being obliged to receive benefactions from my brothers—Be good to yourself.

"Your Beethoven."

"Of all the known letters of Beethoven," comments Thayer, "perhaps no one is so much to be regretted as this, written near the end of 1807, just when the contracts with the Kunst-und-Industrie-Comptoir and Simrock made his pecuniary resources abundant, doubtless increased by a handsome honorarium out of the receipts of the Liebhaber Concerts."

Note the false statement, "I cannot yet pay it back to him," so characteristic of his growing avarice. Note the flat contradiction involved a line or two later in his unwilling resolve to pay the money back forthwith. Notice too the extraordinary incoherence of style and the irrelevance of the phrase dragged in about brother Karl,—both indications of his obsession of persecution.

In writing to Prince Esterhazy who had ordered the Mass in C Major (which was composed in the midst of this ripe second period—a surprising appearance!) the haughty composer expressed himself about it with an unusual modesty which tempts one to suspect that he not only feared the Prince's conservative taste, but that he himself thought none too highly of his first essay in this form.

"May I say that I will turn over the Mass to you with much misgiving, as you are used to having the inimitable masterpieces of the great Haidn performed for you."

Of course this is largely flattery of the reactionary old patron of Papa Haydn. For Beethoven realized quite well that his own work surpassed all previous masses with which he was familiar. [1]

At the same time one can scarcely imagine him writing in any such lowly strain to Count Oppersdorf, for whom he made the Fourth symphony, or to Lobkowitz and Rasoumowsky, whose names stand on the title page of the Fifth symphony.

This Mass in C was first performed September 13, 1807, at the Esterhazy castle in Eisenstadt. The disappointment was general. "But, dear Beethoven," cried the Prince, "what's this you have done again?" Hummel, the Prince's new music director, happened to overhear these words. Their naïveté was probably too much for him. Beethoven, as Schindler relates, "saw the chapelmaster laugh, as he stood near the Prince. He thought he was being ridiculed. And nothing could keep him at the place where his work had been so misunderstood, and where a brother in art had, as he thought, laughed at his discomfiture. He left Eisenstadt the same day." For years he never forgave the well-meaning man whom, long before, he had once addressed as "Herzen's Nazl."

We cannot wonder that the mature Beethoven should have been dogged thus insistently by his obsession of persecution when we recall that, as a lad, he had actually been persecuted by cruel and unusual music lessons, poverty and a drunken father and that now he was famous, envied and deaf.

Fortunately, however, "A dram of sweet is worth a pound of sowre." One of Dr. Jekyll's rarest moments, like the *andante con moto* of the B flat trio, is enough to blind us to the most deplorable antics of Mr. Hyde. Or such an incident as was told to Felix Mendelssohn by that excellent pianist, the Baroness Dorothea von Ertmann, "when she lost her last child. Beethoven at first did not want to come into the house. At length he invited her to visit him, and when she came he sat himself down at the pianoforte, saying simply: 'Now we will talk to one another in tones.' More than an hour he played without stopping, and as she remarked, 'he told me everything and at last brought me comfort'."

Since then for how many sorrowing millions has he not performed a like service!

We have now come to Beethoven's best-known work,—the most popular orchestral piece of its length in the world. The Fifth symphony[2] was begun in 1805, laid aside for the Fourth, finished probably late in 1807, first publicly performed December 22, 1808, and published 1809. It could have been written only by an imagination with the "Eroica" behind it.

The Fifth surpasses the Third in concentration, clarity, directness, in the elemental climactic force of its closing portion, and, as the writer hopes presently to show, in its freedom from deliberate literary appeal to the gallery.

The first movements of both are alike full of that dæmonic power which tornadoes even more irresistibly through

1. (He had had no chance to hear Bach's in B minor.) He must have realized also that its dignity and devotional spirit made it a pioneer in emancipating church music from the profane and theatrical tone which had, since Bach, invaded it, and which showed plainly in the masses of even Mozart and Haydn.
2. In C minor (Op. 67.)

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the beginning of the "Choral Symphony." The Fifth, however, is superior in the mysticism pulsating in the *scherzo* as if with the restless wings of earth-bound spirits. Above all, as Sir George Grove happily remarks, in the consistent way in which, all through the work, "technicality is effaced by emotion." In this respect it represents the full maturity of the Romantic movement. Without the fertilizing Fifth there could scarcely have blossomed such an essentially romantic aftermath as the Mendelssohn violin concerto, the "Symphonic Etudes" of Schumann, the Brahms Second symphony and Clarinet quintet, Tschaikowsky's "Pathétique," or Debussy's quartet.

That the "Eroica" as a whole seems to stand the test of time better is due perhaps to the greater originality of its themes, the finer subtlety of their interrelations, and the more human force and poignance of those two supreme portions, the Funeral March and the development of the first movement. Exalted as it is, the Fifth can offer us nothing quite comparable to these two portions.

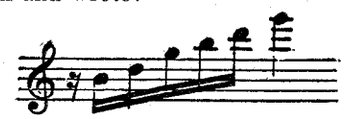
Emotionally, the Fifth is built on that old pattern which Beethoven used so originally in a considerable number of his works: *per aspera ad astra.* This struggle-to-victory scheme is likely to suggest a triumph of positive over negative forces. It is often subdivided, as in the Fifth, into I, Outer Struggle; II, Comfort or Reassurance; III, Internal Struggle; IV, Victory.

In some such broad general way, valid for every one, it is usually possible to define the argument of a musical composition; but with no more particularity than if one were to determine beforehand about some proposed fresco merely its size, shape and principal color scheme. To attempt squeezing such a sonata or symphony dogmatically into any narrower, more definitely concrete pigeon-hole, is the unpardonable sin against the holy spirit of music. Surely, it is such a sin to decide for all time—on the strength of a phrase casually dropped by the Master and reported by the least trustworthy of his biographers (the man whom Bülow called a "strawhead"),—that the Fifth symphony means nothing but a duel between free-will and determinism.

Suppose we grant that, many years after finishing the Fifth, he actually remarked to Schindler, "Thus fate knocks at the door," when that arch-Philistine naïvely demanded the meaning of the first movement. We should bear in mind that this factotum of his was one of those half-baked people, like Wagner in the first part of "Faust," whose literal minds and musico-literary urgencies easily roused the Master's impatient scorn or his mischievous instinct,—or both. When such folk tried to put Beethoven on the grill he would, for peace, blurt out any fantastic thing that popped into his head. At the same time he often yielded to that love of horseplay which would not be gainsaid even in connection with so serious a work as the C minor.

This Schindler was a favorite victim. The Master once informed him solemnly that the naïve little "Children's Trio" in E flat which he wrote as a lad of fifteen, was "one of the loftiest experiments in the free style of composition."

In 1823 he went for a walk with this trying disciple in that country near Heiligenstadt where the "Pastoral" symphony had been written. The deaf man inquired if there were any yellowhammers to be heard in the trees. "But all was still," records Schindler. "Then he said: 'Here I composed the "Scene by the Brook," and the yellowhammers up there, the quails, nightingales, and cuckoos round about composed along with me.' When I asked why he had not also put the yellow-hammers into the scene, he pulled out his Sketch Book and wrote:



" 'That's the composer up there,' he remarked. 'Hasn't she a more important rôle than the others? *They* are meant only for a joke.' And he went on to explain that he had not labeled this last co-worker for fear of the critics who had accused him of undue realism in the 'Eroica' "!

The gullible Schindler duly swallowed the nonsense whole, although it is notorious that no created yellowhammer ever sang anything that could possibly be tortured into the faintest resemblance to an *arpeggio.* Indeed on another page this same famulus quoted Czerny as saying that Beethoven declared he had taken the opening theme of the Fifth symphony from a yellowhammer's song in the Viennese *Prater.* There is more rhyme and reason here, for the bird undeniably sings a number of short notes of the same value, followed by a long one. But this, too, may have been a *jeu d'esprit.* For the shrill pipings of such a small creature are among the first things to be lost by ears turning deaf.

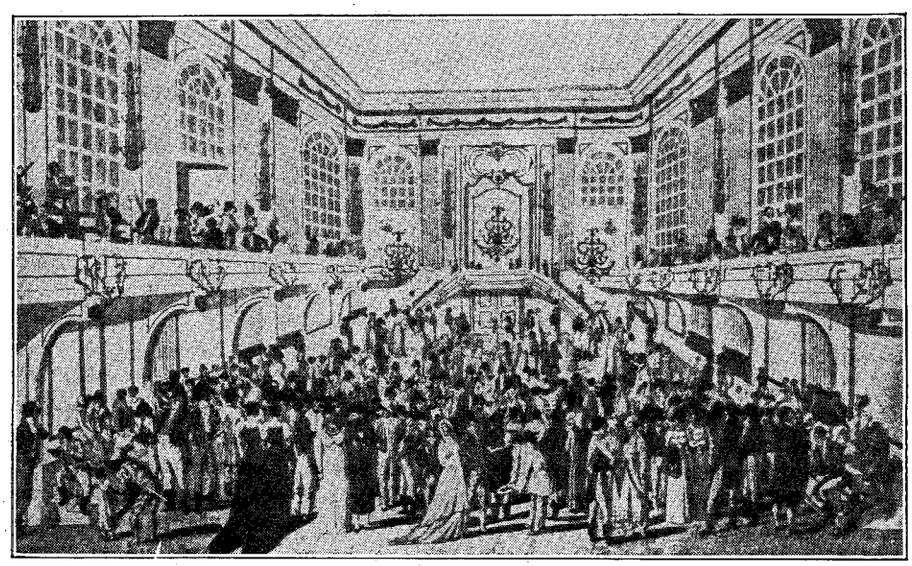
Thus, when Beethoven said those words about fate knocking at the door, they may have reflected a momentary (and, let us add, well justified) poetic mood. Or they may have been a deliberate mystification trumped up to serve as a gag. For Beethoven well knew that his boring famulus was a person who would have solemnly accepted and perhaps annotated such a line as that about Prince Agib:

"His stately spirit rolls in the melody of souls." Whereon its author, W. S. Gilbert, comments under his breath:

"Which is pretty but I don't know what it means."

It is as futile to demand *the* mean-

(Please Turn to Page 150)



AN EVENING PARTY IN BEETHOVEN'S TIME
Masked ball at the Imperial Palace in Vienna

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The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

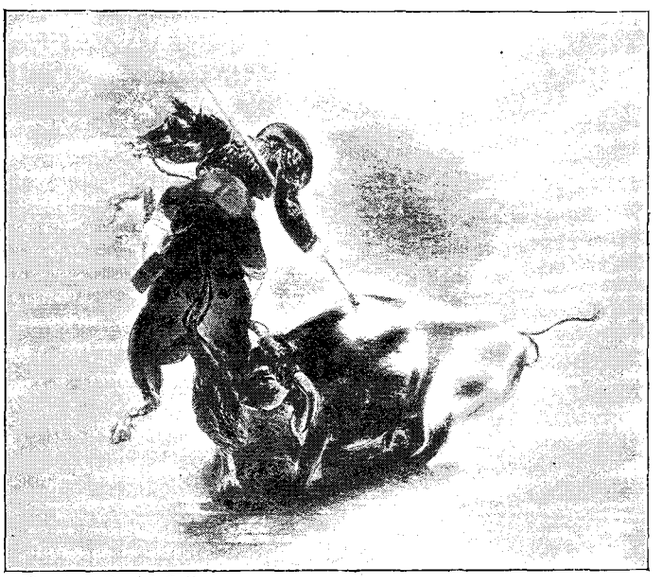
Making Mythology

Myths After Lincoln. By Lloyd Lewis: Harcourt, Brace. Published May 16. $3.50.

IF YOU are interested in folk-lore, in Lincoln, in the history of America, or, more specifically, in the social history of that confused and curious period which followed hard upon the Civil War, go out at once and buy "Myths After Lincoln." It is valuable Lincolniana, indispensable, it seems to us, to any historian of Lincoln's times, and it is fascinating reading. Lloyd Lewis presents in substance a brilliant study of the creation of myth out of natural event, and of the deification of a national hero. He recounts with ghastly vividness the story of Lincoln's last days, of his funeral, "half circus, half heartbreak," and of the frenzied months that followed his death and burial when scarcely a man raised his voice to quiet and control the fanatic hatred that ran like fire through the North.

He then turns to Booth, and gives a biography of him, detailed if brief, and penetrating in analysis of character. He describes his death, the trial and execution of his fellow-conspirators, the after life of the chief witness against them and of Boston Corbett who shot Booth. He gives accounts of the various imposters who continued for years to claim to be Booth escaped from the burning barn. Lewis uses a wealth of material in the gathering of which he must have spent months of patient effort, and he uses it without passion. A trace of denigration appears in his references to all the figures except the greatest one, but that is no more than a sign of the times in which he writes. His style, rather too emotional for our taste, is also typical of contemporary writing.

With Lincoln's death, the legends began to grow about him. Even in the funeral sermons which were preached all over the land, by religious leaders and circuit-riding pastors, the obvious comparison with Christ began. His assassination on Good Friday was a direct suggestion. He became the "perfect and living sacrifice." Stories of mysterious warnings, of clairvoyance, of Lincoln's own foreknowledge of death were circulated. Those who tried to deny them were denounced. Inevitably, and fostered by the activities of grave-robbers and of the body guard at the tomb, the legend of the empty grave followed. And finally, came the question of paternity. The superman could have come of no common stock. What started as a calumny among his enemies ended as a legend of supernatural incarnation among his adorers. Had this been a Catholic country, we should have had stories of the healing and protective efficacy of Lincoln relics. And as Lincoln became the god-man, Booth became the demon-hero, the fore-ordained betrayer, the American Judas.



Courtesy Daniel Gallery

"THE BULL FIGHT"

A lithograph by Kuniyoski

The story which Lloyd Lewis tells is a perfect illustration of the process whereby a polyglot people, with the heritage of centuries of old-world legends of folk-gods, came to a land whose heroes, however noble, were common clay, set about to create a national myth. And as of old, the myth was an expression of the love and reverence felt by mortals for a great fellow mortal, in wisdom man in God's, and in humanity, God in man's image.

Frances Lamont Robbins.

The Week's Reading

Wolf Solent. By John Cowper Powys: Simon and Schuster. 2 volumes. $5. Published May 16.

IT OFTEN HAPPENS in critics' novels that the author's determination to preserve the unity of his book by the creation and maintenance of a certain fixed atmosphere defeats its own object. Such is the case with "Wolf Solent," in which an intangible, oppressive air of diabolism and suspense, deliberately fostered, instead of transmitting to the reader the author's own emotional intensity ends by exasperating him.

Wolf Solent comes back in maturity to the Dorset village which has ostracized his father years before. He finds a typical ingrown community, rotten with vices, common and perverse, malicious, gossipy, useless. And he shows himself ripe for such a community. On the way from London he has wondered what figures from his dead father's past will arise to confront him, what girls he, himself, will find to make love to. The miserable heritage closes around him: and he finds the girl, not one "peeled willow wand" but two: one with the willow's pliancy and one with its resilience. He loves Gerda's body and Christie's soul. Actually he loves only himself. His altruisms never progress very far. He has the gift of losing himself in an identification with nature beyond time and space and, in common with those who possess that gift, he uses it to preserve himself from all selfless contact with reality. Entirely egocentric, he does not know the larger escape of losing himself in the service of a cause, the pursuit of an objective, nor even the real love of another human. So that at the end of his experience he can come only to the resignation that "ripeness is all."

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An extremely interesting book, a book very well worth reading, "Wolf Solent" is yet not a moving one. The characters are, with the exception of Wolf's mother and one or two minor characters which do not take solid shape, vicious or morbid to the point of tedious sameness. Progressive madness marks them all. The seething confusion of characters and situations never resolves itself. One closes the book with a sense of having been left suspended in troubled space.

Mr. Powys writes with beautiful simplicity. A mystic love of nature pervades his book and evokes exquisite sensations of a countryside that never was and yet that is all countrysides. His clairvoyant sensitivity fills his work with richly quotable and memorable figures of imagery.

Robbers and Soldiers. By ALBERT EHRENSTEIN. Translated from the German by GEOFFREY DUNLOP: Knopf. $2.50. Published May 17.

The Bandits. By PANAIT ISTRATI. Translated from the French by WILLIAM DRAKE: Knopf. $2.50. Published May 17.

THE FIRST PARAGRAPH of "Robbers and Soldiers" is irresistible. It tells of Jao, the scholar, and his wife, Fang. It is poetic justice that the son of Fang should be the most charming rogue in Chinese fiction. The basis of this story is the Thirteenth Century thriller, "The Island in the River," and being a favorite of the people it has appeared in many forms and has been read by millions. Here it is told with such artless erudition that it promises the fulfillment of the sinologist's dream, retranslation as the final form of the Chinese classic.

There are no mandarins, no dainty princesses, nothing of the conventional Chinese story. The 140 episodes are reduced to twelve magnificent adventures among the peasants. It reaches from the poisoned wine of disguised date merchants to cannibals, from vegetarians to magicians, and Wu Sung is the hero of it all.

Quite unlike this is "The Bandits," a story of Rumanian Robin Hoods of a century ago, told by Panaït Istrati. Around a camp fire in the mountains this band of Haidoucs are at ease, each telling the story of how he happened to join the group. It is hard to believe that William Drake entered into the spirit of the story when he translated this picaresque novel, though we have not examined the French edition.

That Capri Air. By EDWIN CERIO: Harper. $3.50.

Paper Houses. By WILLIAM PLOMER: Coward-McCann.

People and Places. By DOUGLAS GOLDRING: Houghton, Mifflin. $3. All published this week.

ON THE GAY jacket of "That Capri Air," Ernest Boyd says, with a questioning inflection, "Another of the Protean manifestations of Norman Douglas?" The translators of these short, spicy, and ironic papers say no. And among them are, besides Douglas, Louis Golding and Francis Brett Young, which guarantees the grace, the pungency and the charm of the translation. Cerio is said to be the king-pin of Capri, that "sunny place for shady people." He knows something funny and not always too flattering about every one who lives there, and much about the highly colored past of the lovely island. The book is a diverting introduction to Capri society, but should not be used as a Baedecker to the Blue Grotto.

Nor will William Plomer's book do for a guide to Japan. Here is no cherry-blossom land but very modern country where the sound of the radio is wafted upon the erstwhile perfumed air, and kimonoed ladies hop on and off of trolley cars. Much of the material of these sketches is sensational in a thoroughly journalistic manner. But the style is not journalistic except in its swift fluency. The author seems to understand the people of whom he writes and he has a distinct talent for story-telling.

Douglas Goldring is a familiar and delightful writer of travel essays. In this book he has gone as far afield as the Balearic Islands and Montenegro and as near home—ours, not his—as the United States. He writes with sophistication and ease, has an eye for the bizarre, the unique and the absurd, and a nice sense of humor which enlivens his observations.

Loose Ladies. By VINA DELMAR: Harcourt, Brace. $2.50. Published May 16.

VINA DELMAR doesn't know that a short story can be a work of art. Her idea of the short story is something in prose running anywhere from one to ten thousand words, peppered with "Hot mamma" dialogue of the Bronx variety and interlarded with several layers of tawdry humor. The result is that of a salad all condiment. Unfortunately, or fortunately, we are not all garlic eaters.

If it is at all possible to classify Viña Delmar's "art!" she must be considered as a rather successful amateur photographer. Our complaint, of course, is not with the people she photographs,—for a miscellany of demi-mondaines, gum-chewing salesgirls, crap-shooting husbands, or maudlin taxicab drivers are as amenable to the short story as the manufacturer of baby diapers,—but because she makes no intelligent effort to sift the material at hand, no effort toward selectivity. She merely itemizes the sensual prodigalities of male and female Jukes in an English that insults the ear, the eye, the nose, and the dictionary. E. M. Benson.

The Bright Thread. By CORNELIA GEER LEBOUTILLIER: Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.

The Most Discussed Books

THIS SELECTION is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire from the following bookshops each week:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDEVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta.* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* MARSHALL FIELD & CO., *Chicago;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL CO., *Portland, Oregon.*

Fiction

Dodsworth, by Sinclair Lewis: Harcourt, Brace. This sad and bitter story of American marriage is Lewis's best book, and must not be missed. Reviewed March 20.

Dark Hester, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick: Houghton, Mifflin. This conflict between a possessive mother and a modern daughter-in-law is described with subtle penetration in lovely prose. Reviewed March 27.

Dark Star, by Lorna Moon: Bobbs-Merrill. This melodramatic story of illegitimacy is distinguished by deft handling and fine characterization. Reviewed March 27.

The Bishop Murder Case, by S. S. Van Dine: Scribner. Philo, mathematics, chess, nursery rhymes, and lots of murders in this. Reviewed February 27.

Mamba's Daughters, by DuBose Heyward: Doubleday, Doran. A richly melodramatic story of Charleston negroes and their white-folks. Reviewed February 6th.

Non-Fiction

Henry the Eighth, by Francis Hackett: Horace Liveright. A masterly re-creation of a striking and important historical scene. Don't miss it. Reviewed April 10.

The Cradle of the Deep, by Joan Lowell: Simon and Schuster. These salty and "fishy" adventures are making money for the author and trouble for the sponsors. Reviewed March 13.

The Art of Thinking, by Abbé Dimnet: Simon and Schuster. A thoughtful Frenchman writes graciously and wisely of a lost art.

A Preface to Morals, by Walter Lippmann: Macmillan. The author analyses brilliantly the dilemma in which the sensitive intellectual finds himself today and offers a philosophy of life for modern men. Reviewed May 8th.

Swords and Roses, by Joseph Hergesheimer: Knopf. Pearly prose tears shed by a romantic over a cause great enough to command more stalwart celebration. Reviewed April 10.

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BELIEVING most profoundly that a literature which does not represent all the elements in a complex society is neither so typical nor so rich as it might be, we welcome this novel by one who would have been once courteously but now is likely to be scornfully described as a New York gentlewoman.

So here is a story which is simple; the story of a boy of fiery and catholic blood adopted by a conservative—oh, weary word—New York family. He is raised in the company of his adopted cousins and under the influence, after the death of his adored foster-mother, of their clergyman father. He carries his hot heart and his idealism into college, through war time and into the turmoil of modern youth. And after learning that he who would fight God's battles must first discipline his own soul, reaches a conclusion in regard to life which, if "old-fashioned," is still noble and infinitely satisfying. With this, there is a charming love story. Mrs. LeBoutillier is a direct, interesting story-teller, not an especially gifted writer as to style. She inclines too much to stereotyped phraseology. But sincerity shines through her pages and she understands her own people thoroughly. They are Americans too, you know.

Characters and Events. By JOHN DEWEY: Holt. Published this week. Will be reviewed later by GORHAM B. MUNSON.

Creative Understanding. By COUNT HERMANN KEYSERLING: Harper. Published this week. Will be reviewed next week by E. M. BENSON.

Illustration by Kurt Wiese from "Hindu Fables for Little Children," by Dhan Gopal Mukerji (Dutton)

To Suit Every Taste

Received too late for detailed review

SYMPOSIUMS are popular just now. They offer within readable compass varied opinions on various phases of a subject. An interesting and provocative one is "Christian and Jew." (Edited by Isaac Landman: Horace Liveright. $3.) It numbers many distinguished contributors, both Christian and Jew, and is dedicated to the admirable cause of better understanding between the two types which dominate this country. Personally we believe that as long as the great leaders of Jewish thought refuse to accept the simple explanation of inherited racial antagonism as the basis of anti-Jewish feeling and insist on considering as an intellectual prejudice what is an atavistic one we shall not get far, on that side. And that as long as Gentiles fail to realize that an equally strong, equally valid, equally instinctive prejudice against them exists among Jews, we shall not get far on the other side. It is possible, it even begins at times to seem likely, that on both sides instinct is being gradually controlled by acts of reason. But decades will not suffice to tear down what tens of centuries have built. This book deserves wide reading.

Another symposium is on the subject of education. ("The Education of the Modern Girl." Various contributors, with an introduction by Dr. Neilson of Smith College: Houghton, Mifflin. $3.00.) This is a collection of papers by the headmistresses of eight private schools for girls. The papers deal with such subjects as Home Influences, Academic Influence, College or Not, Athletic Influence, School and Religion, and so forth, and vary in the attitude expressed from the rigidly objective to the sentimental, much as headmistresses, themselves, vary. Not all the ladies write as well as they no doubt teach, or think as clearly as we parents would like to have them teach our daughters to think. But some do both. Parents will find the book interesting. But to their attention, as to that of all the contributors to this volume, we commend Professor Whitehead's recently published book on the "Aims of Education."

Teachers will find many useful books among those recently published, although none is specifically designed for their use and all are interesting to laymen. There is a new complete and detailed history of English comedy which is useful and delightful. ("English Comedy." By Ashley Thorndike: Macmillan. $4.50.) All the great schools of drama are examined and the finest examples of each, analyzed. Disputatious minor problems of criticism are avoided, and the author adds to his fine scholarship, which will make his book valuable to students, the gift for writing readably which will make it interesting to others. The bibliographical notes and the index are excellent.

The study of modern literature is represented by "The Cycle of Modern Poetry." (A. R. Elliott: Princeton University Press. $2.50.) This is as interesting a piece of literary criticism as we have read in a long time. It is an investigation of the dilemma into which the author finds that poetry has fallen, the influence which brought it there, and the new directions toward which poetry is groping. It is especially significant as reflecting the turn toward classicism which is beginning to be apparent in much writing. The author's own style is strikingly typical, too, of the tendency to complicated phraseology and rhetorical figures seen in the work of so many of today's neoclassical writers.

"American Literature" (Ernest E. Leisy: Crowell. $2.50.) is an attempt at a new evaluation of American literature. Authors are grouped by influences and movements rather than chronologically. While competent, the book can scarcely be considered significant. The appendix gives a long supplementary list of writers not discussed in the book, and a bibliography.

"Chief Modern Poets of England and America" (Selected and edited by Gerald D. Sanders and John H. Nelson: Macmillan. $2.25.) is a good conventional anthology which seeks not to present many poets, but to present each one fairly. There is a bibliography, and biographical notices of all the poets represented.

Another good anthology is "From Confucius to Mencken." (Edited by F. H. Pritchard: Harper. $2.00.) In its 1017 pages of examples drawn from

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twenty-six literatures, Mr. Pritchard presents "a complete survey of the progress of human thought throughout the ages as represented by the essay." This is the first time that this has been done in one volume in English, and probably in any language. The result is a very commendable job. The book is not a haphazard collection of elegant extracts, but really illustrates the evolution of the essay as a literary form. Two hundred and twenty-seven essays are included in Mr. Pritchard's volume, and almost as many different authors seem to be represented.

"J. M. Barrie" (F. J. Harvey Darton: Henry Holt. $1.35.) is a new volume in an excellent series of short biographies of writers of the day. It is an ably written and delightful book, especially welcome as an antidote to the current fashion of sneering at Barrie as a hopeless sentimentalist. There is a good bibliography. "American Playwrights of Today" (Burns Mantle: Dodd, Mead. $3.) which gives brief, intimate, biographical sketches of American playwrights, is useful for reference.

Any one interested in history, and certainly any teacher of history will want to read "The Era of the French Revolution." (Louis R. Gottschalk: Houghton, Mifflin. $4.00.) This book which deals with European history preceding and during the French revolution and the Napoleonic period, roughly 1715 to 1815, presents the latest findings, especially those of European scholarship on the era, and the latest interpretations of them. It is written in fluent style, readable without the least hint of "popular writing," and is marked by the author's penetrating, independent and original judgments on many controversial topics. The titles which Professor Gottschalk has given to the two sections of his work "Dissatisfaction and Reform" and "Stabilization and Reaction"—indicate the nature of his philosophy of history. He gives an exhaustive bibliography on his subject.

Travelers, active and passive, will enjoy "The Rim of Mystery." (John B. Burnham: G. P. Putnam's Sons.) Mr. Burnham didn't spend seventeen years in southeastern Siberia and he was not nourished as a child, as far as we know, on walrus milk, but he has nevertheless written a most interesting account of his adventures in the North and of his observations of that far and little-known country. Mr. Burnham, who is so widely known for his work in the conservation of wild life, has with this volume published his first book. From the evidence before us we hope that he will publish many others.

Alameda County — the Center of Scenic California

INDUSTRY

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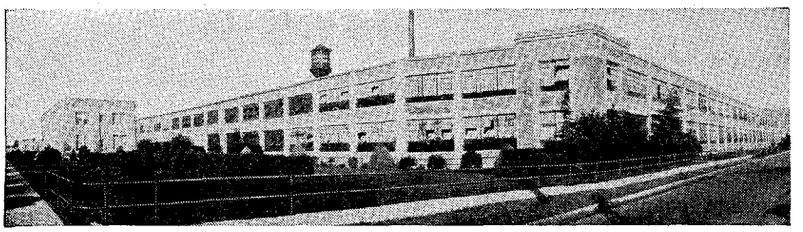

Sets Itself in a

Flower Garden

DAYLIGHT factories, operated by electricity or clean fuel oil with a total absence of smoke or soot; delightful residential districts where the modest bungalow or the palatial residence is surrounded by shrubs and flowers growing in wide profusion under the California sun and where the tenement is a thing unknown—truly industry has set itself in a flower garden in selecting the principal cities of Alameda County, California, on the eastern shore of San Francisco Bay for its Pacific Coast activities. Here is an equable climate, without extremes of heat or cold, stimulating brain and muscle alike.

Here is a public school system ranking with the foremost in the country and a great state institution of learning—the University of California at Berkeley. Within a few minutes of factory or office is the open country, wooded picnic and playgrounds, the famed beaches of Alemeda; and for week-end trips, the Yosemite, Lake Tahoe, the Russian River resorts, Monterey, the Brete Hart and Mark Twain country—practically all of the major scenic attractions and historical points of interest in California.

Small wonder then that General Motors, the Chrysler Corporation, and other automotive interests are establishing here the "Detroit of the West." Small wonder that nationally-known industries in a number of lines are selecting Oakland, Berkeley, Alameda, Emeryville, San Leandro, and other Alameda County cities for their western headquarters, when the unsurpassed living and educational advantages are added to more than adequate rail and water shipping facilities both to the markets of the eleven western states and those of the great Pacific Basin.

You likewise might find that here you can engage in your particular line of human endeavor, find here an opportunity for profitable investment, amid surroundings which will add to the joy of living for you and your family.

Why not make a trip to the West this year; investigate conditions in the cities bordering the continental side of San Francisco Bay; visit Scenic California from the hub cities of one of Nature's greatest playgrounds? You may find that such a trip will combine profit with pleasure. For further information write the Oakland Chamber of Commerce, particularly requesting Booklet 13.

"—and where the tenement is a thing unknown—"

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Beethoven: A Biography

(Continued from Page 145)

ing of the Fifth symphony as to demand the meaning of Mont St. Michel or the Grand Canyon. Such music can mean an almost infinite number of things. It is subject to kaleidoscopic change without notice, according to mood, tense, person, gender and number.[1]

Even if Beethoven's remark about the door were made in good faith, it should never be understood as implying that this music might not have many other interpretations equally valid. The broad-gauge composer who wrote on the manuscript of the frankly programmatic "Pastoral" symphony: "More expression of feeling than tone-painting," knew that music cannot be stereotyped, constricted and degraded into any such petty business as a single poetic idea. Even if it conveys to the mind of Smith such a conception as fate supplanting the traditional wolf at the door, it may quite as reasonably convey entirely different things to a group of creative listeners untainted by program annotations.

To Brown it may signify a conflict against a sexual obsession. To Jones a desperate campaign against an inferiority complex. To Robinson an old fashioned pitched battle *à la* "Paradise Lost," between the forces of good and evil. To a victim of hysteria, it may depict a war between sanity and bedlam. To a neurasthenic, the struggle between those two mutually exclusive objectives: "To be, or not to be?" To an evolutionist, it may bring up the primordial conflict of fire with water, of man with beast, of civilization with savagery, of land with sea.

Perhaps the last suggestion is the best. What music, in fact, collaborates more naturally with dreams of "perilous seas," in their elemental rage—yes, and of "magic casements" too (think of the second subject!)—than the opening movement of the C minor?

If we should hear the shriek of the mid-ocean wind issue from this music, and taste its brine in our throats, let us recall that Beethoven saw the sea only once, and that was when he was shown the harbor of Rotterdam as a lad of eleven. Yet we can sometimes get from his pages more of the wash and shock, the kelpy fragrance, the spindrift and hammering surf of the

(Please Turn to Page 152)

1. Schindler's question was as Babbitt-like, as that of an old lady who once bore down upon the writer of these lines after a lecture. He was trying to catch a train but her determined fingers detained his lapel. "I won't keep you a moment," she panted. "Please just tell me, how does one write poetry?"

Trends in American Policy

As Seen in Recent Books

IT'S A curious fact that nobody has written a good book on the American Tariff. Now it has burst upon us again, and again nobody knows anything about it. And nobody will, even after it is enacted. Until recently Farm Relief was in much the same case. It "dated" back to Sockless Jerry Simpson, Coxey's Army, Free Silver, and that deathless appeal to Kansas to raise "less corn and more Hell." Last summer Governor Smith told off Professor Edwin R. A. Seligman to look into this farm relief problem. The Columbia scholar promptly called on the librarian and set to work, and has turned out a book, "The Economics of Farm Relief." (Columbia University Press. $3.)

The book is an earnest attempt by a student to get at the heart of an economic problem with which he is utterly unfamiliar and for which he has no ingrained sympathy. Much more to the point is Lewis F. Carr's "America Challenged" (Macmillan. $3.50). Mr. Carr is a practical farmer and a thinker on farm problems. He *feels* the farm problem, where the Professor merely studies it.

His book is readable, interesting and close to earth. Of the various expedients of farm relief now convulsing our legislative brains, he believes that the McNary-Haugen idea is the best, but insists that it should be administered as a business proposition, by private agencies rather than by the Government. The "export debenture" idea is to him a simple subsidy. What he believes feasible is a development of diversified farming, especially in the South of the cotton "cropper," and an orderly marketing of crops, with such disposal of the surplus as will prevent demoralizing the markets. "America Challenged" shows balance and sense and is a convincing exposition of the real plight of the dirt farmer.

It would be well for the latter if a man like Julius Klein were to be put in charge of the proposed Farm Board. Mr. Klein's new book, "Frontiers of Trade" (Century. $2.50.) consists very largely of reprints of magazine articles. It is a good popular picture of the process by which the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, under Herbert Hoover and Mr. Klein, has added half a billion dollars a year to our export trade.

Moving somewhat farther afield and away from orthodox policy, we have two books on American foreign policy which deserve attention and comment. These are "The Isthmian Highway: A Review of the Problems of the Caribbean" (Macmillan. $4.00.) by Hugh Gordon Miller and "America's Naval Challenge" (Macmillan. $1.50.) by Frederick Moore. The former is a helter-skelter and emotional account of all of our foreign policies, from the Freedom of the Seas and the Monroe Doctrine to the elimination of yellow fever in Cuba and Panama and the construction of the Canal. It ends with a vigorous plea for the principle of trusteeship, which is worth quoting:

"We hold that the control of the Suez Canal by Great Britain and of the Panama Canal by the United States are trusteeships. We hold that influence of Great Britain, where she exercises influence, and of the United States, in like manner, are also trusteeships, whether in Egypt and Palestine, on the one hand, or in the Caribbean, on the other. As trustees, both these nations are equally responsible to mankind."

This is sound good sense. It is a pity that Mr. Miller vitiates the purport of much of what he says in behalf of Anglo-American naval rapprochement, by the assertion, backed by an equally categorical quotation from an editorial in the "New York Times," that "there remains the fact that, when the United States entered the [World] war, she did not hesitate to pursue the methods of bringing pressure to bear upon a powerful enemy which as a neutral she had condemned."

If you think that Mr. Miller is a bit wild, you should consider what Fred Moore has to say. Mr. Moore's authority to speak on the subject of American foreign policy is derived from the fact that he was for some years paid by the Japanese Foreign Office to act as "Councillor" on American affairs.

His book fairly crawls with misconceptions. "The first purpose of the [Washington] Conference was the reduction of armaments; the clearing up of the Far Eastern situation was an important but secondary object." This is exactly the opposite of the case. "They [the British] have none [naval bases] on the American side of either the Pacific or Atlantic Ocean." None but bases at Esquimault on the Pacific side, and Bermuda, Jamaica and Barbados on the Atlantic. Mr. Moore's book is inaccurate, unblushing propaganda of a sort not common since the War.

J. S. C.

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An Agnostic

(Continued from Page 129)

lay awake for hours and finally gave up hope of sleep. It was four-thirty. There was a first faint portent of light in the sky, and I suddenly decided that I would go down to the stadium half a mile away and watch the dawn rise. The air was cool; the high iron fence, which surrounded the stadium and which I had to climb, was glistening with dew. Cold, gray tiers of stone rose up and up to the final balustrade, behind which lay a sky like a baby's blankets—rose and soft blue and white. It was very still. The scrape of my feet clattered through the vast, waiting ramparts—up and up until at last I turned to face the world at my feet, slowly brightening before the sun, and recited that magnificent passage from Isaiah beginning:

> "I even I, am he that comforteth you; . . . The captive exile shall speedily be loosed, and he shall not die and go down into the pit, neither shall his bread fail."

The wind blowing in upon me was a wind of ecstasy. It contained all the promise of life—surely at this dawn it was not too much to ask for a voice—a voice to guide in the dark and muddied hours. I turned and looked down the flight of stone tiers to the expectant arena, ready for the march of a mystic cavalcade. "God!" I cried, "God!"

There was, of course, no answer. I felt then that God would never answer me.

That seems all long ago now, and time has mellowed much of this despair. And yet I think this simple failure to receive any response from religion is the basis of our disbelief today. It is not the hypocrisy and the deceit of those in the church, nor the shabby tricks of the evangelist, that have alienated us;—these can hardly be blamed on God, but only on the weakness of the creatures who worship him. We are agnostics simply because we cannot find the God—any God—behind the admirable courage, the pitiable deceptions, of men.

For that reason the theory of the liberal church is of little avail among so many of the young people of today. We have discounted long ago the persecutions, the merciless crusades, the hatreds of the Church of the past—that long record of torture and bloodshed which might make one feel that religion, on the whole, had done far more harm than good; these were the products of human maladministration. Certainly

(Please Turn to Page 153)

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Beethoven: A Biography

(Continued from Page 150)

seven seas than from those of any other composer.

Beethoven would have been the first to deplore our use of any one fixed image in connection with his absolute music. This man was no intellectual despot.

If he had foreseen that his, perhaps impatient, perhaps roguish, remark to Schindler was destined to associate his most widely known work exclusively with the figure of fate, he would, before uttering those words, have bitten out large sections of his tongue. Here was the Prometheus of music, the hero who had completed that long emancipation of the art from its secular servitude to literature. The process had begun late in the XV century, with those first timorous attempts of the Italians to free music from its vocal dungeon and let it totter a step or two alone. Whatever unforeseen influence the "Pastoral" symphony may have had later upon the history of program music, it is certain that Beethoven was not the man to turn around and deliberately seek to reimprison his art in the dungeon of the poetic idea!

The Fifth symphony would have lent itself more proteanly to association with a million different poetic ideas in the imaginations of a million hearers, if only that luckless remark to Schindler had not standardized the million varieties into one identical factory product.

The first movement, with those cognate first movements of the Third and the Ninth symphonies, represents Beethoven's freshest, most characteristic contribution to the art, always excepting the *scherzos* of these same symphonies.

The strongly masculine motive with

which it opens is surely, like many other bird calls, one of the least promising of all created tunes. When it was first played it sounded so poverty-stricken that people in the audience burst out laughing.

Even so, it was scarcely original. For, whether Beethoven knew it or not, it was nearly an inversion of a theme of Legrenzi's, used by J. S. Bach for his C minor organ fugue. And it had been vigorously exploited in Haydn's third piano sonata.[1]

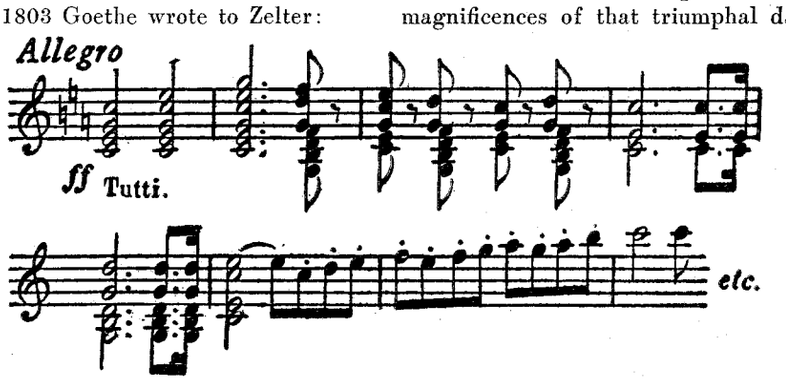
However, *il n'est pas le ton qui fait la musique*. Mere intervals or tones scarcely count; but the way in which they are used. As Burns might have phrased it, the motive is but the guinea stamp, the treatment's the gowd. And when one hears this movement, Legrenzi seems a continent away.

Beethoven performed such prodigies with this seemingly barren affair of three eighths and a half,—made them so startingly original, that they became the most famous four notes in existence. The most unmistakable sign of Beethoven's genius, according to Wagner, was "his miraculous faculty for creating worlds out of nothingness."

Just as the rhythm of the yellow-hammer source-motive is to be found in many of his works, it threads its old but ever varied refrain as a germ-motive, through each division of the C minor.

There is no weak movement in the symphony. The *andante con moto* is the least powerful of the four. Yet the last time the writer heard Signor Toscanini give it—distorted though it was by the bad acoustics of the top gallery of the Metropolitan Opera House,—half the humble music lovers up there paid it the tribute of tears.

In 1803 Goethe wrote to Zelter:



"One does not learn to know nature and works of art if they are finished; in order to comprehend them somewhat one must surprise them while they are still being formed." The study of such Note Books as Beethoven's and Shelley's is a most illuminating experience. One sees how they toiled over the raw material, gradually shaping it from commonplaceness to the highly individualized product of genius. One sees how vastly more important was the recasting than the original writing, and that this labor usually made the difference between mediocrity and immortality.

Conscious of his power, Beethoven had begun to use the material of his forerunners more audaciously than he had in the young days when he was an avowed Haydn-Mozart imitator.[2] For he knew he might now quote their tunes—as he quoted the Russian airs in the Rasoumowsky quartets—almost note for note, and still saturate them so wholly with his personality as to follow Goethe's injunction:

> "Was du ererbt von deinen Vätern
> hast, Erwirb es, um es zu besitzen."
> (That which your fathers have bequeathed to you,—
> Earn it in order to possess it.)[3]

And what creative listener to this music can deny that the man who made it had come into full possession of the power of his prime? One means the sort of listener who, at some inspired performance, is overwhelmed by the emotional impetus and structural wonder of the first movement; charmed by the contrast of wistful loveliness and heroic strength in the variations; spell-bound—almost awe-struck—under the hypnotic mystery of the *scherzo;* held in an almost undurable passion of suspense by its throbbing *ppp* close and the *crescendo* culminating in the fiery magnificences of that triumphal dawn, the *finale* which fills him with the exultation of one who scorns to change his state with tone-deaf kings.

1. In E flat.
2. In his book Mr. Schauffler traces the first theme of the *scherzo* back through Mozart to Philipp Emanuel Bach, and a theme of the *finale* to Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony.
3. "Faust," Pt. I, Sc. 1.

(To Be Continued)

In a forthcoming issue

Store Porch Philosophy

by

CHARLES MORROW WILSON

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An Agnostic

(Continued from Page 151)

if we were to believe in God, the liberal church would be our house of worship. But since we cannot believe in God, the liberal church becomes a mockery, like speaking of a pleasant prison. Indeed, paradoxically enough, it seems as if the liberal church had aided our irreligion. As soon as the Church became liberal, its power declined, and perhaps the centuries of fanaticism were motivated by an astute purpose, after all.

In the last three or four years, as the central image of a possible God has withdrawn from my mind, life has become an affair of very much greater simplicity. There is no problem of reconciling existing evils with an absolute and omnipotent good, or of explaining the uneven distribution of rewards. The endless why?—why?—why?—has been eliminated. We direct our own lives unbribed by the prospect of heavens and hells, and offer no comforting superstitions for our weaknesses. We do not pray; we read poetry. Granted a certain amount of money and a certain amount of intelligence, we can make the world an acceptable Eden without any forbidden trees.

There are, of course, questions we cannot answer. We cannot explain the Beginning and the End except that it is quite possible that there is neither. In a scientific sense, we have never seen anything begin and we have never seen anything end; we have only seen it transformed. We know that matter is indestructible and that for a little time we, as human entities, have certain powers over it—powers increasingly miraculous as science gives us new weapons. And, having waved our sword and sung our song, we go down into the pit with something of a gesture and as few regrets as possible.

Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

Edward L. McKenna's Hardware McBride

James begat Michael, and Michael begat Neil and Frank, and this is the story of their lives and their connection with politics and the liquor trade—a formless but at times vivid story, straightforwardly told. The chapters narrating the rise of Michael from South Brooklyn saloon-keeper to district political boss are the best in the book and constitute an excellent picture of the ethics of the hard-boiled machine politician who is also an honest man.

(Please Turn to Page 158)

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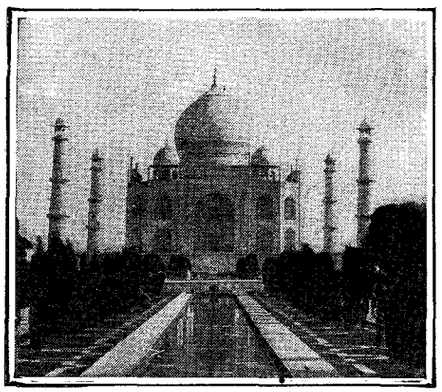

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The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

ONE THING can be said for the Passion Play as presented in the Hippodrome by the Fassnacht family from Freiburg, Baden. The sounds of the hammer as the Jews nailed Christ to the cross struck as genuine a note of terror in an audience as we have ever felt. For one instant, the "pageant sublime" was real. The greatest story in the world became a bloody and tragic business. The assemblage of humanity present sat as stunned as if a blow at their own heart had struck home.

There is nothing irreverent about the presentation of these scenes from the life of Christ. Staged beneath the huge proscenium of the Hippodrome, accompanied by a great orchestra and choir, they range from the simple gathering at the Last Supper, through the Garden of Gethsemane, the Court of King Herod and the Palace of Pontius Pilate along the road to Golgotha and finally to the Crucifixion on the bare hills. Present are all the characters of the simple story—Judas, Peter, Mary, John, Pilate, Caiphas, Barabbas and the rest. Little is made of the dialogue, spoken as it is in German and barely audible above the orchestra. Much is made of the procession of immense pictures. And we are bound to say that we received a curiously vivid impression from them; although it was a confused impression due perhaps to the odd mixture of elements which have gone toward their presentation.

At moments like the Last Supper, they were pure da Vinci. Again they were colored biblical pictures from the Sunday School books of our childhood. Now they were simply Hippodrome in their color, drama and magnificence. Occasionally, alas, they were pure David Belasco. Almost never were they the simple, rugged story as it was.

Some excellent acting. Lothar Mayring as Pontius Pilate gave as fine a performance as we've been privileged to see in many a moon; as did Georg Fassnacht as Judas; Amalie Fassnacht as Mary was less effective; and Adolph Fassnacht as the Christ, the least effective of all. Yet, even here it is difficult to tell how much Mr. Belasco's theatricalism has interfered with the presentation as it was made in Freiburg and has been given for these last seven or eight hundred years.

The Devil appeared in those first presentations and Belasco introduces God, Himself, with what he considers appropriate electrical and stage lighting effects; including an Ascension which is an atrocious, cheap vulgarization.

Perhaps no one could adequately portray the figure of Christ; and Adolph Fassnacht unquestionably presents the traditional figure with the blond hair falling over the shoulders, the gentle aspect and the calm submission to tragic fate. Yet, there is present none of the flashing personality and unquestionable authority that must have been inherent in Jesus. At only one moment does Fassnacht cast a spell—at the moment of Christ's appeal to His Father in the Garden of Gethsemane.

Traditional and uninspired; although reverential and adequate. This is what Fassnacht makes of the great figure. He has none of the beauty of magnificence or power of the Christ described by Publius Lentulus, alleged to have been a friend of Pilate's, who has left the one supposedly contemporary pen picture of Christ which we have.

Nevertheless, no one can see this Passion Play and not be moved all over again by the story of Christ—although not a word of his teachings comes across the footlights and the drama is simply the drama of his entrance into Jerusalem, his betrayal by Judas, his trial before Pilate, the blood thirstiness of the mob, and his nailing to the cross. Done by a da Vinci, a Shakespeare and a Beethoven, possibly something approaching the grandeur of the original story might have been achieved. Done as it is by German religionists, staged by a Belasco and accompanied by mediocre specially written music, it is a typical Hippodrome show, and would not be even among the best efforts of that institution were it not for the immense and accumulated power of Jesus.

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The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"Bulldog Drummond"

NOTHING better in the way of simon-pure entertainment than "Bulldog Drummond" has come this reviewer's way since Douglas Fairbanks put on "The Mark of Zorro." No better performance of its kind than Ronald Colman's in "Bulldog Drummond" has ever been seen in the history of filmdom. And if this be brash talk—check it up, kind reader, check it up.

When Ronald Colman was a silent actor he was a rather portentous and abstracted young man, who seemed to be forever doing a rather unwelcome stint. The tragic overtones of his mien and bearing made him devastating, no end, and damaged his work not at all.

He is as devastating in "Bulldog Drummond" as he was in "Beau Geste" or "The Dark Angel"; but he adds to his established charm two brand new bids for fame eternal. The first is a speaking voice of indescribable pleasantness, the second, a flair for romantic comedy that is as rare as it is delightful. The sum-total of Colman's capabilities is sufficiently impressive to justify this inquiry: Who (if any one) better deserves a place at the top of the movie roster? Douglas Fairbanks (bless his level head) is settling into frank and graceful middle age; who else is there to snatch the guidon of romance from that still puissant hand?

As one who prefers that the male protagonist of romance on the screen shall be equipped rather with a gift for sturdy humor than a set of false eyelashes, we nominate Ronald Colman.

"Bulldog Drummond" was adapted for the screen by Sidney Howard and directed by F. Richard Jones. From its honest, provocative title to its final fade-out, it's a jolly, exciting, deliciously improbable picture. To avoid the current tendency toward over-amplification, the dialogue is softened down a little too much. This criticism of course applies only to the presentation as we heard it here in New York. They could easily step up the loudspeaker mechanisms a notch or two and improve the effect, and we believe they will do so.

If they do—or if they don't—here is a splendid picture for enlightened movie-goers who like action, acting and intelligence for their money. See it.

We Recommend

Madam X: An extraordinary talkie that you mustn't miss. Lionel Barrymore directed it, and Ruth Chatterton acts her head off for him.

The Trial of Mary Dugan: Bayard Veiller directs Norma Shearer and others in his own successful stage play. A splendid production.

The Broadway Melody: The most spectacular and variegated entertainment yet offered by the talkies.

The Iron Mask: Douglas Fairbanks as D'Artagnan in late middle life. His performance is wonderful, and so is the picture.

Coquette: This fine all-talking picture, with Mary Pickford, should be seen despite faulty mechanics.

The Letter: Written by Somerset Maugham, acted by Jeanne Eagels and a perfect cast, and directed by Monta Bell. *Salaam* to all of them.

"Show Boat"

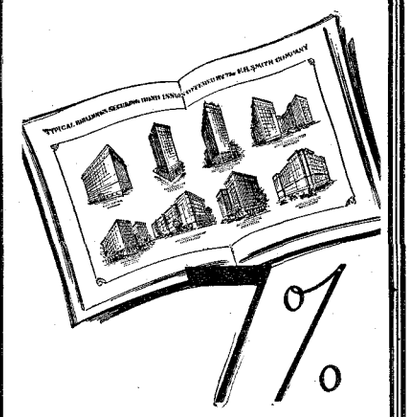
We should like to say something complimentary about this picture, because of the terrific expense and trouble that went into the making of it. We cannot.

Carl Laemmle is a man who has turned out clean pictures and conducted his business in an honorable manner ever since the movies were in their pre-infancy; he bought the rights to "Show Boat" before Ziegfeld ever heard of it.

When the Jerome Kern melodies of the Ziegfeld musical show began crooning their way around the world, poor Uncle Carl was just about getting ready to release "Show Boat" as a silent picture. He realized that the talkies were coming, but he thought he could do without talk in his "Show Boat" if only he had "Ole Man River" to play while the film ran.

So he paid Mr. Ziegfeld $250,000 for "Ole Man River." Then he found the talkies were not only coming—they were here; he had to put talking sequences and singing sequences and sobbing sequences into his picture, or run the risk of a complete flop. He got them all.

You might like "Show Boat" if you could see it in an unwired theatre, with an orchestra—or even a good piano. The sound effects for which Mr. Laemmle paid the aforementioned ungodly price had such a disjointed, irritating effect that this reviewer was not even able to enjoy the truly fine performance of Miss Laura La Plante—the only good thing in the picture.



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Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

IF your kitchen gets hot and steamy, if the cauliflower you're cooking refuses to stay in the kitchen but insists on occupying the entire house, why not get an electric kitchen ventilator? It is an electric fan which is set into a glass and metal frame that goes at the top of the window. Pull the cord and it sucks up all the steam and cooking smell and throws it outdoors. Pull the cord again and the fan reverses and fills the room with fresh cool outdoor air. It's a big help to cooks in the summer time, nor is it to be despised in the winter.

ALTMAN is showing summer umbrellas covered in bright-colored Celanese fabrics, which ought to make a rainy day as cheerful outdoors as a bright one. They are on sixteen-rib frames with wooden shanks, the designs are good, and they have harmonizing handles.

IF YOU RUN church suppers or school banquets or such, and the storage of bulky banquet tables is a problem in your life, there's an automatic folding banquet table which can be stored away in a very small space, and can also be very easily set up by one person.

THERE is a combination coffee percolator and toaster which saves both space and current. It holds six cups and has a drawer underneath to make the toast. Either part can be used independently. It is made of heavy nickel and is fourteen inches high.

TECS ARE knitted covers in which to pack shoes for traveling. They're less fragile than tissue paper and don't make so much noise. No dust can sift through the fabric. They come in six colors. If you've had the common experience of having your shoes escape from their wrappings inside your suitcase and wander about loose, making dirty footprints all over your clean clothes, you should appreciate these covers.

You can also get shoe bags made of transparent Argentine cloth, in various pastel shades, which are very useful both for traveling and at home, since you can tell which shoes are inside without taking them out.

THE DANDO-KILLRITE is a weapon to your hand if you have a lawn. It is a brass affair that looks like a walking-stick. You fill it with the special poison, which is fatal neither to birds nor humans, only to dandelions, and as you stroll over your broad acres, you poke it at every dandelion you see and squirt in a dose of poison. Personally, we would never use one. We are fond of dandelions, we think they are beautiful, —pleasant accents of color in any green expanse, and we dislike the fury with which they are persecuted. There is a touch of the fanatic, of the witch hunter, in those men and women who fly into an unreasoning rage at the sight of yellow dots on their lawns. Such people are wife beaters, husband harriers, and purity leaguers. We'll bet that Anthony Comstock was a dandelion hater. Is it, perhaps, we wonder, a subconscious recognition of some yellow streak in themselves that makes these people become shrill and venomous at the mere thought of a dandelion? We're going to organize a dandelion league, an S.P.C.D., and we want you to join. Send in your dollar now.

YOU CAN GET individual coffee percolators which make coffee right in your cup. They are of pewter, with straw handles, very good in design, and you put the coffee, pulverized, between the two perforated pieces inside and let the boiling water drip through.

THE SESAMEE COMPANY, which makes the combination locks for luggage and combination padlocks, has now a spring lock for closet doors, 2¼ inches long, finished in nickel, burnished brass or oxidized, which also works on a combination. We like these combination locks, since we're always mislaying keys, and it's considerably easier to remember a simple combination number like our birthday or telephone number than to carry a large bunch of keys around in our pocket.

THERE IS a new electric razor on the market which makes the old phrase about "reaping your whiskers" literally true, since it is in effect a miniature mowing machine. You turn on the current, then just push it like a lawnmower over your face, and the vibration of the blade—1/100 of an inch 120 times a second, reaps your whiskers close and painlessly. It's guaranteed not to cut you, and you can't electrocute yourself with it. "Electricity," shout the enthusiastic manufacturers, "has at last tamed the beard."

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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

Service

THERE was a man once who, at the age of forty, decided to try his fortune in a strange country. He was a man of sober thoughts and industrious habits and it had taken him a long time to reach this momentous decision. But he came of an imaginative race and the stories he had heard tell of opportunity in that strange country, of riches and grandeur only just across the ocean, waiting to be had by some one worthy—such stories had tormented his fancy for forty years.

He had always been a servant. That is to say, from childhood he had learned to work diligently, through the use of his hands and feet, for other people. He was well accustomed to the simple things of life. The management of earth and growing things, the handling of animals were natural to him. When the thought first came to him that he might leave his own country it looked like a wicked thought. Surely a man grew best on his own soil. He became part of it, in a way of looking at things, during his life as well as after his death.

But a man has to think about getting on in the world. In his own country he saw few men getting on to any place they had not started from. Those who worked hard for other people must be looked after by other people when they were old. It took each day to earn the next day's living, and how was one to get ahead on that?

When he found himself at last on the other side of the ocean he was overcome by the enormity of his undertaking. For he was not young enough to take easily to the ways of a new land, and at the age of forty what trade was there that he might learn from the beginning? His education was fair for a laboring man; he could read and write and reason well enough. But how could he be starting college at his time of life? And what trade was he nearly so handy at as his own? In the end he decided cautiously that for the present he had best stick to gardening and the handling of animals. Meanwhile, he would put by what he could.

Five years—ten years—twenty years. Occasionally the position of coachman. Years when he went back to gardening. There were other years when he was both coachman and gardener. But no matter how his position or his employer might change, he worked always for other people. He remained a servant.

When twenty—thirty—forty years had passed, the gardener found his back was not so supple, his legs not quite so steady as they had been in youth. As he straightened up slowly from the planting of a rose bush he rested his hands upon his hips and shook his head from side to side. It seemed a pity now that he knew so much about gardening. No good to anybody but himself. He guessed maybe—now that he was climbing on toward ninety—that here was his opportunity. He had better take advantage of it while he could.

WHEN HE HAD finished looking up his savings account the gardener took advantage of his opportunity. He bought himself a little house where he could live quietly for his remaining years with nothing to be attended to but the enjoyment of living.

He had often noticed that those with leisure spent it watching other people. Now he had time to be watching other people; to be looking on, in a way of speaking. To be reading the newspapers. For he was not so handy with his body as he had used to be, and though the town he lived in was small, it was yet too big for him to get about it easily. But that was what newspapers were for; to entertain those who liked to know a great deal, with no way of finding it out.

Day after day the old man sat in his quiet house and read the newspapers. Ten years, twenty years he read the newspapers until here he was over a hundred! Here he was, he thought to himself, who had always waited on plants and animals, sitting still at last, with the whole world waiting on him. Year after year people lived and died, were wicked and brave, loved and murdered. And year after year people wrote it down for his entertainment.

The old man sat and marvelled. The only one he ever saw of all these people was the young boy who sometimes carried him the papers. Who stopped and talked some days. Who did him errands.

What age had he come to by now? A hundred and four.

The old gardener rose slowly and moved around inside his house looking for something. Now he found it, and added up the figures. Sure enough, it had grown to be a small fortune. But sixteen relatives were a parcel to divide among. And now the seventeenth—

"Four hundred dollars," he wrote carefully, "to that boy who brings me newspapers."

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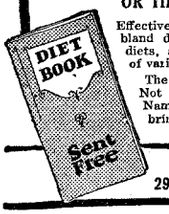

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Wings Over America

(Continued from Page 126)

million dollars are being spent in the leasing and improvement of intermediate fields; and an elaborate system of weather-reporting stations is building. It is a service predicated upon expectancy, but the mere fact that it is known as the Lindbergh Line (he is chairman of the technical committee) should help it to get off to an excellent start.

Looking into the future, I cannot help but believe that aviation's great future lies with the younger generation. No matter what the enthusiasts say, the generation that came in with the automobile is essentially a terrestrial primate. I know scores of men who could not be induced to fly. Unhesitatingly they concede its general safety and advantages, but the idea does not fit into their scheme of life. Their reflexes are toughly conditioned. When they think of travel, they think of automobile—railroad—steamer. Their sales resistance is high. But the younger generation—the generation now reading air fiction as we used to absorb the stuff that lay behind the cover with the picture of the dashing tourist, swathed in duster and goggles, racing down the road in a high-backed "red demon"—will aviate. Its birthright is higher velocities; it will accept the airplane as a matter of course.

Steadily the industry is forging to that stage. There will doubtless intervene periods of drastic reconstruction. In the frenzy of today's speculation, capital is being recklessly expended; under the blandishment of chambers of commerce, airports are being built in the most impractical of places, and airlines launched from communities that cannot possibly provide them with adequate traffic. But these things, after all, are phases; thus did railroading bring order into its house. I mention it here only as a warning to investors.

Properly managed and operated air transport must progress. There is a widening place for it and, beyond that, the inescapable fact that any nation lacking in a first-class commercial air service will find itself seriously handicapped in the event of another war.

Nor can we reasonably overlook the possibility of an unforeseen and revolutionizing invention. Nowadays prediction is barely abreast of accomplishment. Another generation may evolve and bring to perfection the vertically rising and descending machine, practically fool proof and standardized enough to be turned out like so many gadgets. Only a few years ago this idea was derided as aerodynamically impossible, but the auto-gyro has been demonstrated successfully in Europe and now an American firm is experimenting with it.

If this intrinsic idea can be perfected and go into mass production, then may aviation look for true popularity. Its cultural and economic implications are colossal. By harnessing a gas engine to wheels, Henry Ford changed the aspect of a nation and its industries. By harnessing this same propulsive force—perhaps even a new one—to wings, a yet unidentified Ford may populate the unbounded thoroughfares of the air.

Meanwhile the improvement of the known devices of safety and comfort continues. This fact is certain; in the field of research, the aviation business is far more advanced than was the automobile business on its twenty-fifth anniversary. The Packard Motor Company is to bring out an engine built on the Diesel principle, dispensing with carburetor, spark-plugs and magnetos —the "plumbing" that contributed to so many engine failures. Consuming crude oil, it will decrease operating costs. Such devices as the Handley-Page slots have made innocuous the once deadly spin, and brakes have heightened controllability on the ground. Fokker announces a convertible Pullman with sixteen berths for night flying, and Wright announces that its motors have averaged ninety-seven thousand miles to a single forced landing.

In this sense—the slow, careful consolidation of safety factors—aviation's future lies on the ground. The Department of Commerce, understaffed as it is, is doing magnificent work in outlawing "wildcat" flyers and planes, in controlling personnel and equipment. But there is still much work to be done.

Every now and then you hear airmen cry out against the newspapers' practice of "playing up" air crashes. Such "false emphasis," they say, weakens public confidence. They will show you that there were twenty-seven thousand automobile accidents in the United States last year, and only two passengers were killed in the five million miles flown by regularly operated transports during the first six months of the same year. With this I do not altogether agree; the average exposure to danger is still relatively greater in the airplane than in either the automobile or the railroad.

What about the 154 persons killed during the same period? Eighty-three per cent of them were killed in unlicensed planes flown by unlicensed pilots. So long as flyers fail to heed the regulations set up by the Department of Commerce, so long as sovereign States fail to accept those laws, just so long should the press fly these "danger signals." The logical way for the industry to take "air smashes" off the front page is to reduce them.

Real Estate and the Simple Smiths

(Continued from Page 131)

at the residence with the thought of converting it into apartments. At the end of the busiest week of his life the salesman had put through three clever deals. He caused the two pieces of property to be exchanged, inflating the value of each and consequently his commissions. He sold the residence to the man who had the apartment idea in his bonnet getting him first to agree to resell if he were offered a profit within two days after the purchase. Then the house was sold to the city to be used as a branch library. The salesman had not only received four commissions out of the three-cornered transaction but he had on his list the property the original owner had taken in exchange for the residence and which, of course, he was anxious to sell. The point of the story is this: when the details of the deal leaked out in real estate circles, the only comment seems to have been that the salesman was pretty damn' clever. What was more important—he had been guilty of no illegality.

As a matter of fact this story has been most unfair to the realtor, who was merely operating according to tradition. Worshiping success, Americans do not find it in their hearts to condemn his methods. If you entertain any doubts as to the popular esteem he enjoys, listen to the awakened Smiths as they regale a group of friends with the story of their woes. Do they get sympathy? Not a bit of it! Applauding cleverness, the audience chortles with delight and envies the ingenuity so delightfully American and so eminently successful.

Now here is the moral promised at the outset:—such as the Smiths should learn to take care of themselves.

Picked at Random

(Continued from Page 153)

Rufus King's Murder by the Clock Doubleday, Doran

An extremely well written thriller about a man who was murdered twice in the same night. The action covers the twenty-four hours it took Lieutenant Valcour, one of the most engaging detectives we have ever met, to discover the criminal. This is one of the three best detective stories we have read during the past year.

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Poetry

Old Boat

UNDER SAFE SKIES the old boat lies,
No longer worthy of its hire,
Beyond the reach of any tide;
Like an old dog before the fire,
A little on its side.

Across the clouds and all about,
The sea-mews screech;
Children at play climb in and out;
A passer-by leans for a space
And goes away.

From that sure place,
Land flat and sterile
On which to rest, on which to rot,
It still may see full sails that race,
Strained planks in windy peril.

It still may guess green waterways,
Cool, cool and deep
Beneath its breast;
May muse on storms, the ultimate storm
That brings the ultimate sleep.

Safe sands and warm,
Safe skies and wide,
Safe waters—lower—higher—
The old boat dreams with cracking seams,
A drowsy dog before the fire,
A little on its side.

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I Answer Her

I

You ask me
Why it is
That I delight no more
In summertime,
Or in the white moon,
Or in fair ships at sea,—
Or in you?

And I answer:
It is because
I can delight no more in masks;

That summertime
Is a tentative brief dress
For naked boughs
Where soon the lean winds cry.

That the white moon
Is passing light upon a thing that is Death's.

That ships
In sunlight going by,
Will dock in darkness.

And You?
Have I not said
That I delight no more in masks—
Whether of loveliness
Or of light?

II

So,
Lest I perish
For lack of delight,
I must learn to love:

Bare boughs,
For they are clean and certain:

The black moon,
As one might love the scar
Of an old wound.

And darkness,
For it has the dignity
Of the end.

And You?
When I have learned
To delight in these things,
Then . . . . . .

NOTROM DIVAD.

The Listener

The hounds of autumn nose the rustling leaves
And chase the wind. You hear a distant cry
That echoing down a mountainside, deceives
Your heart. Beauty herself goes riding by!
Beauty goes hunting down a magic hollow
And trails her hounds across a trackless meadow;
Fleet as the frosty wind they follow, follow
A golden stag, elusive as a shadow.
You would be Beauty's hound, swiftest of foot;
In all her pack the keenest, and the first
Behind the golden quarry, and lead pursuit
Till in your side your laboring heart should burst.
But you stand listening to a distant call,
And whence it comes, you do not know at all.

MARJORIE ALLEN SEIFFERT.

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